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NOVEMBER 26, 1930
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BRILLIANT SHORT STORY by ETHEL MANNIN

the BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, November 26, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1406. Vol. CVIII

Raphael

MRS. MAURICE BERNHARD BARON

Who is organising the Ball and Cabaret to be held in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children, Clapham Road, which will take place at the May Fair Hotel on December 1, and which will be attended by the Prince of Wales, who is particularly interested in this cause. She is the wife of Mr. Maurice Bernhard Baron, the grandson of the late Bernhard Baron, the well-known philanthropist, and a cousin of the Marquess of Ely

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The Passing Hour

P. and A.

Lady Louis Mountbatten (centre) admiring the emeralds worn by Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley (left), reputed to be worth over one hundred thousand pounds. The Hon. Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton is on the right with the famous Chaterputty Maniel Ruby, valued at twenty-five thousand pounds. Two of the attractions at the Jewels of Empire Ball at the Park Lane Hotel to-night (Wednesday)

THE Oriental Hindoo mind, fanciful and ornate, unhappily for many years heady with the strong wine or dope of Occidental democracy, loses sight of reality. They should, however, recollect that if Britain took the extremists seriously and surrendered India to them, at once their financial structure would topple. An "independent" India would never get any credit, because its entire credit and prosperity are based on British support, and if it were withdrawn they would drift into anarchy or fall into the hands of the scheming Soviet. Indeed, any weakening of the tie with India will inevitably mean war with Russia.

An Improvement in Things

DESPITE everything, there are signs ahead of an improvement. People are spending a pound where formerly they would not boggle at two, but still they are spending. Restaurants and theatres are a certain barometer, and they are doing very good business, while I hear from the Riviera that things are already far brighter than at the corresponding period last year. At the same time the truth must be faced, and it is this—confidence will not be restored until the present Government are ejected from office and a new Government, with, let us hope, a substantial majority, installed. A strong England means a world boom; a hesitating or a surrendering England spells ruin and world depression.

India the Crux

INDIA is the true crux of the situation. It is not merely the Government of the hour but really the British people who are on trial. From China to Peru, in fact, the nations are watching to see if we possess our old-time firmness and the determination to rule our Empire with strength and purpose, or whether we are ready to surrender our security to the threats and menaces

Hay Wrightson

Lady Alington, another of the many beautiful women taking part in the Jewels of Empire Ball at the Park Lane Hotel

Raphael

Miss Margaret Whigham, also appearing at the Jewels of Empire Ball where she will be one of the "Turquoise Group" Miss Whigham was one of last summer's debutantes and is eighteen years of age

PEERS AS PRIME MINISTERS

Photopress

AN ICELANDIC BRIDE

When Mr. Arthur Richmond Cotton flew to Iceland recently in connection with the Iceland Millennial Celebrations he met Miss Stella Briem, daughter of Mr. Eggert Briem, owner of the island of Videy. They became engaged and are now in London for their marriage

vatives is one of the most interesting things in politics for a very long time. For it proposes the introduction of legislation giving the Prime Minister the right to speak in both Houses. In other words, it would be made possible for a peer to be Prime Minister in the fullest sense of the word, and without having to delegate his authority in the House of Commons.

Lying Low

AT once this makes one speculate about the men

L.N.A.

MR. BENNETT REWARDED!

Lord Craigavon (left) taking part in the conferring of the degree of LL.D. by Queen's University, Belfast, on Mr. R. B. Bennett, the Canadian Prime Minister (second from right). Thus, thanks to Belfast, Mr. Bennett was not sent home quite empty-handed

of the extremists, who have not hesitated at the Round Table Conference to make demands for absolute independence upon a scarcely veiled threat of war. After the rather windy rhetoric of the Maharajah of Alwar, Sir T. B. Sapru, and Mr. Jayakai, it came as a breath of fresh air in a fœtid atmosphere to hear Earl Peel give the Indian delegates a straight British viewpoint. He reminded them that the British in India were not aliens. He examined the federal idea, and to that extent it seems likely the British nation will acquiesce; but we shall not sit down tamely under threats of *force majeure*. Two can play that game!

In Two Places

THE resolution arranged to be brought up lately before the meeting of the Central Council of the National Union of Conservatives is one of the most interesting things in politics for a very long time. For it proposes the introduction of legislation giving the Prime Minister the right to speak in both Houses. In other words, it would be made possible for a peer to be Prime Minister in the fullest sense of the word, and without having to delegate his authority in the House of Commons.

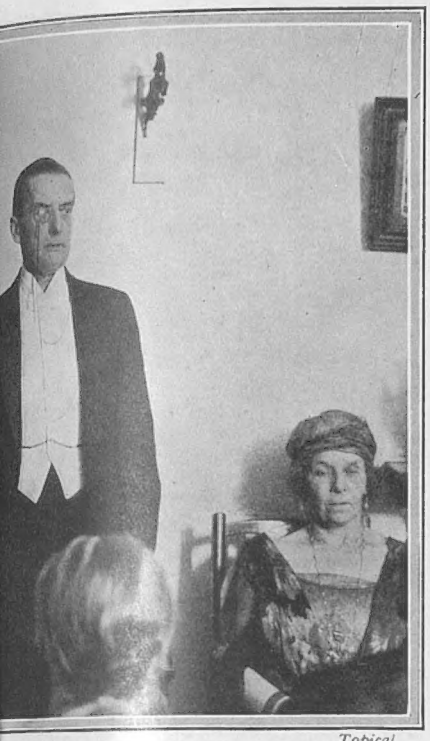
Lying Low

AT once this makes one speculate about the men who would qualify in that event for the Premiership. Lord Hailsham is the first that springs to the mind. Lord Beaverbrook is the second. Lord Lloyd is the third. Lord Lloyd has been very quiet since he has been back from Egypt. There are several reasons for this. He is biding his time. He is writing a history of Egypt, bringing it right down to the present day, with illuminating comment on the interference of our Labour Government. And, finally,

Lenare

Miss Marjorie Maxse, Deputy Principal Agent of the Conservative Party, lately involved in a severe motor accident, from which she is happily recovering. She is a cousin of Mr. Leo Maxse, the famous publicist

BRITISH AND CANADIAN RAILWAYS AT LOGGERHEADS



Topical

"JOEY" CHAMBERLAIN—WHOSE WORK LIVES!

Sir Austen Chamberlain after unveiling a portrait of his famous father at the League of the Empire, Belgrave Road, S.W. The latter's crusade for a united economic empire, though rejected in his lifetime, looks as if it would soon be crowned with success

he is justifying his position as director of the Sleeping Car Company and Thomas Cook's.

That New Hotel

LORD BEAVERBROOK, I hear, is going on a cruise. In fact, he may have gone by the time these words appear in print. He certainly needs a holiday after the tremendous exhaustion that was the inevitable accompaniment and corollary to his South Paddington victory. A cruise to the West Indies, organised by the Canadian Pacific Lines, is attracting, I am told, large numbers of people in search of the sun, and above all, freedom from the telephone, which reminds me that there is to be no little opposition offered to the C.P.R. people's scheme of a vast luxury hotel in Berkeley Square. There is a law that no English railway company may build an hotel without an Act of Parliament being passed. English hotel companies are asking why a Dominion railway company should be allowed to override this ruling. Questions are to be asked in the House of Commons, and when the application for the licence comes up, it is going to be opposed.

Still They Come

THREE new dance orchestras have come to London in the past ten days, one to Quaglino's, one to the Bat, and one to Ciro's. The latter is the much-heralded nigger orchestra led by Noble Sissle, whom many of you must have heard at the Ambassadeurs and Ciro's in Paris. They wear short, red jackets, as also do Gelder's men at Quaglino's, who have come all the way from the Adlon Hotel in Berlin, and have had their jackets designed by Mrs. Barbara McCorquodale.

Topical

A family group on the steps of Farnham Castle (Cavan). From the left are Lady Farnham, the Hon. Somerset Maxwell, Mrs. Somerset Maxwell, the Hon. Verena Maxwell, and Lord Farnham. The Hon. Somerset Maxwell is Lord Farnham's son and heir, and this is the first visit paid by the latter and his wife to the ancestral home since their honeymoon

Hughes

At a dance being given to-morrow (Thursday) at the Grafton Galleries, the historical ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Richmond on the eve of Waterloo will be re-enacted. Above is Admiral Mark Kerr, representing his ancestor, the Duke of Richmond, to whom he bears a striking resemblance

Soft for a Change

THEY play pleasantly and softly, and ought to be very popular.

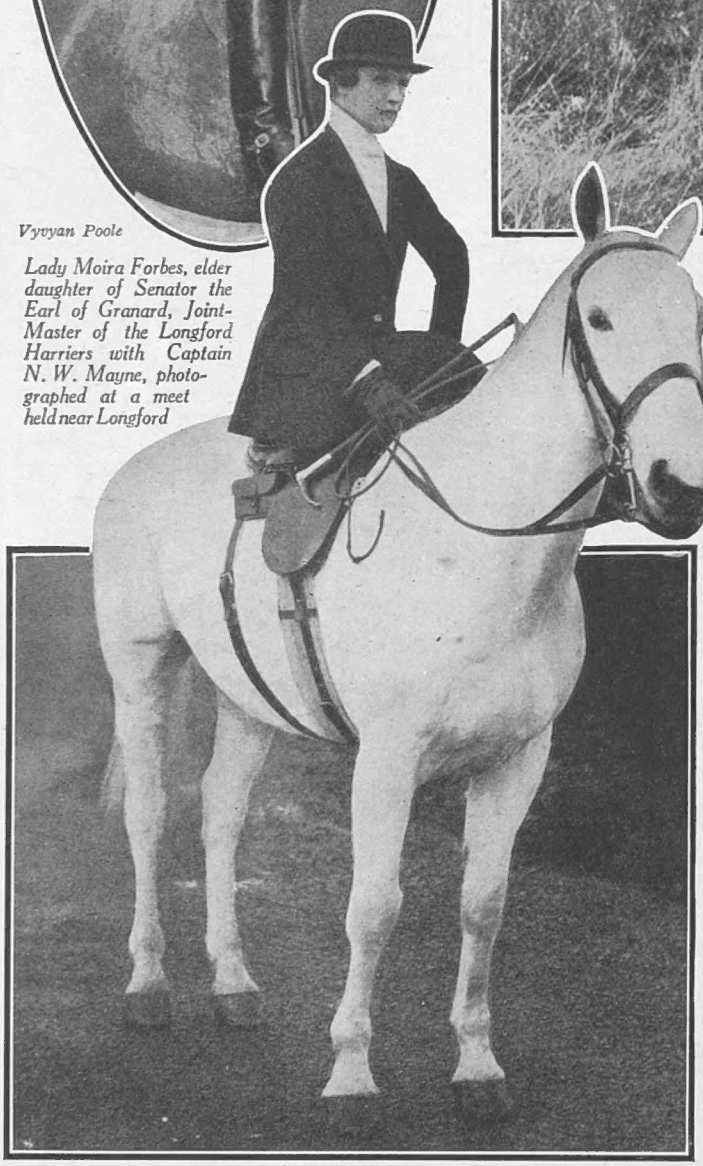
PERSONALITIES IN THE HUNTING FIELD

Vyvyan Poole

Lady Moira Forbes, elder daughter of Senator the Earl of Granard, Joint-Master of the Longford Harriers with Captain N. W. Mayne, photographed at a meet held near Longford

H.R.H. Princess Mary at a meet of the Bramham Moor Foxhounds at Little Almscliffe, Yorkshire

Topical



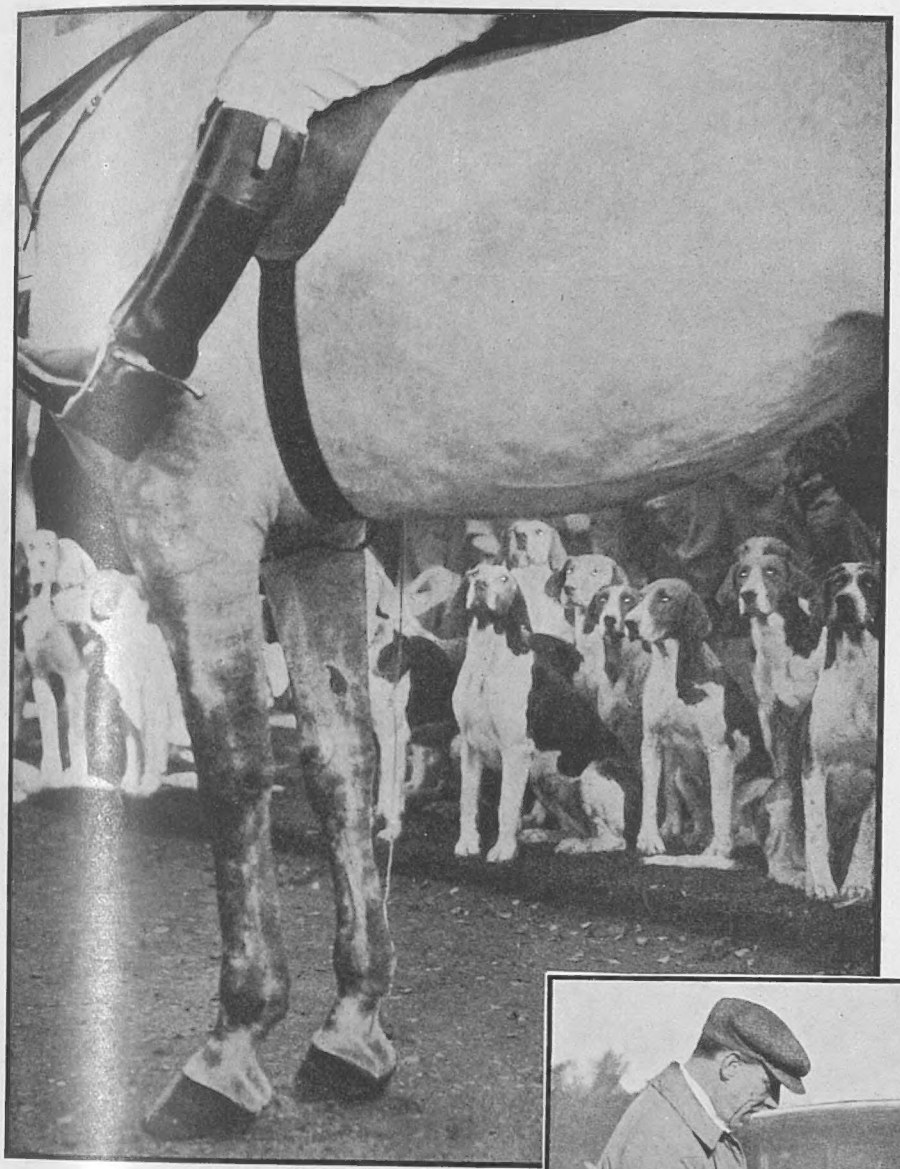
Photopress

Miss Ann Gilmour, daughter of Sir John and Lady Gilmour, of Fife, at the opening meet of the Fife Foxhounds at Higham Toll

L.N.A.

Lady Londonderry, in the saddle, talking to Mrs. Baird, wife of the Master of the Cottesmore Hounds, at a meeting at Beaumont Chase, Uppingham

A SOUGHT-AFTER FILM STAR



Society Sports Press

ANTICIPATION!

An interesting photograph of the Whaddon Chase Pack on the alert by the side of the whip waiting for the word to start

I wonder, by the way, which dance orchestra of those that appear at dance clubs and supper restaurants is the most popular? I should put them in this order of merit: (1) The Café de Paris band; (2) the May Fair; (3) the Kit-Cat; (4) the Embassy; (5) Ciro's; (6) Quaglino's; (7) Café Anglais. But I am not prepared to say that this would be the general verdict.

See The Conquering Film Star . . .

In a day or two Maurice Chevalier will be here. Actually he arrives by the "Golden Arrow" on November 28, a fact that is being so much advertised that he will be lucky if he escapes alive to the May Fair Hotel, where he will be staying. This in itself is an amusing story. Every hotel manager in London, nearly, did his best to persuade the handsome Maurice to stay in his hotel. French managers appealed to his patriotism. Other managers sent representatives all the way to Paris to offer him palatial suites free, gratis, and for nothing.

Only Thirty

Others, again, telegraphed that they were reserving his usual suite. However, as Chevalier is appearing under the management of Mr. Clifford Whitley, who is so closely associated with the May Fair Hotel, and whom he has known so long, he replied, gracefully but gratefully, that there was nothing doing. An invitation which very many women, and men, too, would like to receive is that to the supper party of only thirty people which is being given in his honour after his first night at the Dominion.

Hard Hit

If you see a city man looking very gloomy just now you may be sure that he is on Lloyd's. The wreck of the Highland Hope, the new 15,000-ton liner belonging to the Nelson Steam Navigation Co., which went ashore off the coast of Portugal, will hit Lloyd's to the tune of about one million pounds—pleasant enough for the company owning the ship, but the reverse for Lloyd's. In actual fact, every yacht-owner and ship-owner is feeling sad. It may be taken for granted that in order to protect themselves and partially recoup themselves Lloyd's will be compelled to increase all shipping insurance slightly for the coming year.

Photopress

The Hon. Clive Pearson, Joint-Master of the Cowdray Hunt, seen at Selhurst talking to the Hon. Brenda Pearson, Viscount Cowdray's daughter (centre), and to Lady Winefride Howard, daughter of the Duchess of Norfolk

INDIAN PRINCES AND THEIR JEWELLERY

I.B.

Amongst the attractions at a ball organised by Lady Blanche Girouard and given by the Young Conservatives at Grosvenor House on December 11 will be a series of tableaux—that of Serbia being shown above. Ice hockey matches are also included in the programme

Marcus Adam

The Marchioness of Linlithgow, with the Lady Marjorie Dalrymple-Hamilton, is arranging an Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House on December 1 in aid of the British Sailors' Society's Memorial Hostel Extension. The photograph shows the Marchioness of Linlithgow and her daughter, the Lady Doreen Hope

Back to Cabaret

SOPHIE TUCKER has returned to the Kit-Cat, where Beatrice Lillie has been crowding the place for the last fortnight. Beatrice Lillie was paid £400 a week. Sophie Tucker, I believe, gets a good deal more. Beatrice Lillie was in excellent form the night I visited the Kit-Cat. She has become her old self once more, and even sang "Back to the Shack where the Black-eyed Susans Grow," which must be at least thirteen years old. In the Charlot show she was more of a beauty than a comedienne. Now she makes you laugh as much as ever she did.

A Financial Tip

A LEADING stockholder, it is pleasant to hear, told me yesterday that the way to make easy money now—if you have any to invest—is to go a "bull" on the Stock Exchange and a "bear" on Wall Street. He is in a big arbitrage house, so he should know. I notice that J. H. Thomas thinks the same, as he proved by his recent speech to the American Chamber of Commerce, in which he said, "You are going to have hell in the next four months."

Heavy Expenses

EVEN the Indian Princes are not as rich as they were a year or two ago. This year they have brought extraordinarily little jewellery with them. The reason is that they feel they cannot afford the high rate of insurance. Which makes one wonder in consequence how much money will have to be spent on insuring the jewellery for the Jewels of Empire Ball next week. There are to be seventy-five people taking part in the pageant, and they are to wear anything between £15,000 and £50,000 worth of jewellery each.

Stock Insufficient

AS a matter of fact, a good deal of comedy is

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

National Hunt meetings have been conducted concurrently with "flat" fixtures since August Bank Holiday, and punters who will now turn their attention to the "sticks" exclusively are searching for the fit horses.

Make a note of the appended for early engagements.

WHITE PINE has been unlucky, but is in good condition and should take a plating event.

ATTALA. Keep an eye on this 'chasing invader from Ireland. Will probably appear early in December.

LARGIE is a strapping chestnut and has been running prominently. Will win a selling 'chase.

FAIR WEATHER JACK was second last time and displayed rare gameness.

NEAR EAST should do well. Possesses stamina combined with a natural aptitude for fencing.

PERSIAN SUN is a smart novice hurdler and jumped really well last time out. Has not been favoured by the luck.

YOUNG PRINCE proved a game finisher uphill when winning at Towcester.

HEART OF GOLD won at Plymouth and Totnes. Can be depended upon to score again.

ITALIAN ROSE, second at Folkestone and scored the week following at Fontwell Park. One to follow.

LADY MALCOLM'S SERVANTS' BALL

being enacted behind the scenes of these rehearsals. For one thing, it appears that there is not enough good jade to go round for the five people chosen to wear it. The same applies to the fair quintet who are to wear opals. Altogether, there is a good deal of heart-burning, especially as hardly one of the jewellers who are lending the jewellery have been allotted their own regular clients. In consequence, each is agitated that they may be lured away by the display of jewellery of their rivals.

A Question of Cost

ANOTHER point which has arisen is in connection with the cost of the dresses. The original idea was that each dress should cost nine guineas—no more and no less. However, one woman has spent £200 on her costume. Others have spent £60, £40, and £50. So there is no little excitement in the camp. Altogether, one hopes fervently, for the sake of the organisers, that a very large number of tickets will be sold, for otherwise the charity for which it is being held might well feel that it would have been better for the seventy-five ladies to have handed over the money they would have spent on their frocks and head-dresses direct to the fund, not to mention the insurance money necessary for the jewels.

Success!

LADY MALCOLM is to be congratulated once again on the success of her Servants' Ball at the Albert Hall. She had to issue a broadcast appeal ten days ago asking people not to apply for any more tickets because she had sold all that could be printed, something like 5,000. Unlike most other organisers of charities, there was no need for her to ask her friends to buy tickets—always an awkward business, however rich they are. The servants themselves applied unasked.

P. and A.

The Countess of Erroll was married last Saturday to her fourth husband, Mr. Donald Haldeman (both seen above), at Shoreham. Lady Erroll is an accomplished pilot. Her husband is an American on the London Stock Exchange

Not Taking Any

DOMESTIC servants are very much in the public eye at the moment, and it is gratifying for employers to see that 99 per cent. of those who have written letters to the newspapers about the suggested Domestic Servants' Union, with its eight-hour-day scheme and horde of inspectors, are utterly opposed to it. They realise that they are happy, not overworked, and, above all, not out of work!

An Interesting Engagement

AN engagement which is creating a great deal of interest in the hunting world is announced between that fine horsewoman and plucky rider to hounds, Mrs. K. Adamson, and Mr. C. Raphael, the well-known London banker. Amongst other rattling good "timber-toppers," Mrs. Adamson owns Lady Doon, a safe and clever hunter-'chaser, formerly the property of the Prince of Wales.

Douglas

Miss Thetis Wilson, only daughter of the late Major Clive Wilson, D.S.O., and Mrs. Clive Wilson, whose engagement to Mr. Ian D. Malcolmson, only son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Vernon A. Malcolmson, of Aston Bury, Stevenage, has recently been announced

Raphael

Miss Elizabeth Hitchcock, second cousin to Lord Headley, whose marriage to Lieutenant H. C. Browne will take place next Saturday. Lieutenant Browne is well known in Rugby football, and plays for the United Services and the Navy. He has been capped three times for Ireland

COMING EVENTS.

DECEMBER 1.

The Marchioness of Linlithgow and Lady Marjorie Dalrymple-Hamilton have arranged an Ice Carnival on behalf of the Empire Memorial Hostel Extension Fund. This will take place on Monday, December 1, at Grosvenor House, and single tickets, which include dinner, are two guineas each. There will be Ice Hockey, waltzing on ice, skating exhibitions, and prizes for fancy dresses.

DECEMBER 8.

A Gala Matinee, under the patronage of Their Majesties the King and Queen, will be held in aid of Denville Hall, at the London Hippodrome, which is being lent by Mr. Gillespie. Among the well-known artistes giving their services are Mr. Henry Ainley and Mr. Baliol Holloway, Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Miss Evelyn Laye, Mr. Maurice Chevalier, and Messrs. Jack and Claude Hulbert. Tickets may be obtained from the Countess of Cromer, Lady Instone, or the usual theatre agencies.

DECEMBER 11.

The Young Conservatives are organising a ball and ice hockey match between Oxford and Cambridge Esquimaux versus London Lions at Grosvenor House, on Thursday, December 11. Tickets, which include either dinner or supper, and cost 35/-, may be obtained from Lady Blanche Girouard, at Palace Chambers, Westminster.

AT THE PLAY

CHEERS FOR THE CHORUS

By Vernon Woodhouse

One of the most entertaining features of the new musical comedy, "Little Tommy Tucker," at Daly's Theatre, is the clever work of the chorus. Their team dancing and perfect rhythm delighted a first-night audience

"Wooden Shoes," at the Kingsway Theatre

I WONDER if anybody reads "Ouida" nowadays? In my youth I enjoyed her robustious, full-coloured style, even though I was occasionally startled by the liberties she took, as when in one of her most famous novels she removed the River Thames from its accustomed bed and made it run through Richmond Park!

QUITE late in life her style altered somewhat, and her picture of the sins of Society in a book called *The Massarenes*, fluttered dovecotes, Royal and otherwise, by its satirical outspokenness. A third, and much earlier, style was best exemplified in *Two Little Wooden Shoes*, contrasting peasant life with the naughtiness of Paris, in which saccharine sentiment was served up in all its purity, and the flavour never marred by any adulteration, so to speak.

IT is this novel which has been dramatised by Beatrix Thomson, who, herself, takes the principal part in the play, produced at the Kingsway Theatre, called *Wooden Shoes*, which tells the story of a Flemish peasant girl deserted by a Parisian painter, who made love to her, but who, unlike most stage painters, did not "betray" the village maiden.

IN her little wooden shoes, which go clop-clop on the cold, hard stones, she tramps to Paris in search of her lost lover, where the poor dear is so shocked by his goings on in the gay capital that she nearly kicks the bucket before finding renewed life and consolation in the arms of a village lover who has always conveniently adored her.

IT may be that this old-world flavour of artlessness and heartlessness, dealing with what has been called "the short and simple flannels of the poor," may make some appeal to a public somewhat satiated with cocktail cynicism, but I doubt whether it will duplicate another Kingsway success and bloom like a second *Marigold*. The adapter, Beatrix Thomson, has seen to it that she plays a part which runs the gamut of the emotions, and does it very well.

Douglas

Beatrix Thomson, appearing in "Wooden Shoes," her own version of "Ouida's" novel, at the Kingsway Theatre, reviewed on this page

"Little Tommy Tucker," at Daly's Theatre

I SHOULD think that amongst the crowd of folk called in to manufacture a modern musical comedy the most difficult task is that of the gentleman whose duty it is to arrange the dances, ensembles and such-like.

WE have become so accustomed to "startling effects" secured by the evolutions of a chorus that to find anything new must be a brain-racking job. Luckily in the new musical comedy, *Little Tommy Tucker*, at Daly's, there was on hand Ralph Reader, who shows by his imagination and training of a very talented troupe that new and attractive dances can be invented and carried out to perfection.

WITH all due respect to authors, lyric writers, composer and cast, I think that the chorus will have much to do with the success which awaits *Little Tommy Tucker*. Next to that very efficient band, the popularity which this musical comedy will attain will be due to the artist—or should it be artiste?—who plays the hero.

GENE GERRARD is removed as the poles apart from the usual type of musical comedy lover who appears as a fish out of water except when giving tongue to sentimental ballads. Gene Gerrard possesses, in addition to a pleasant personality, a sense of humour and an alert method which occasionally remind me of Arthur Roberts in one of his restrained moods. In this play the authors, Desmond Carter, Caswell Garth, Bert Lee, and R. P. Weston—I hope I haven't missed any name—have given him plenty of chances, and of these chances he makes certain of success.

I WISH I could speak with equal cordiality of Ivy Tresmand, who plays the heroine. She also has chances given her, but, to my way of thinking, she fails to take them. Her singing voice is nothing to write home about; her dancing is not out of the ordinary, and she lacks spontaneity.

BUT there are others in the cast who assuredly pull their weight. For instance, Rita Page, who was quite unsuited in *Topaze*, is well in her element as a female pursuer of the male; while Melville Cooper, who is always suited in "legitimate" drama, proves that even in musical comedy he can imbue a part with a touch of character.

JANE WELSH, Alfred Wellesley, Fred Groves, and Marjorie Chard also appear quite at home in a play with a plot which relies for its humour in putting the hero in compromising situations, while the music of Vivian Ellis should prove popular, even though, on occasions, one racks one's brains in trying to remember where one heard that tune before.

LAST WEEK'S NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

A scene from "Little Tommy Tucker," showing the hero (Gene Gerrard) caught in a compromising situation with a lady (Binnie Barnes) by the heroine (Ivy Tresmand) on the right

Three of the principals, reading from left to right: Rita Page, Ivy Tresmand, and Fred Groves. A review of this musical comedy at Daly's Theatre appears on the opposite page

Photographs *Stage Photo Co.*

The hero (Gene Gerrard), this time in a painful situation, regarded by the chorus with sympathy combined with ill-suppressed amusement

THE NEW MEMBER WHO ASKED THE COLONEL

BY H. M. BATEMAN

IF HE COLLECTED CIGARETTE GIFT-COUPONS

Maurice Chevalier, the famous French film star and actor, looking happy, as always, when in dress clothes. An appreciation of the man and the artist appears on this page from the pen of Clifford Whitley

MAURICE CHEVALIER — THE MAN —

An Appreciation by CLIFFORD WHITLEY

Mr. Whitley is bringing the great French artist to London, to appear at the Dominion Theatre during the first two weeks of December

MAURICE CHEVALIER—a well-built, charming and attractive man of thirty-seven, full of personality, with a great sense of humour—that is Maurice as his friends know him. He has an irresistible smile, and if he can ever do a good turn to anybody he is the first to do it.

In the short space of eighteen months this popular French artist has climbed the ladder of fame with a rapidity that has staggered even Hollywood, and experts in America who have access to box-office returns unanimously report that he is the greatest box-office attraction in the world to-day.

As good-looking men go, he is not an Adonis. He will be the first to admit that as a singer he has only an average voice, and compared with great actors—well, he doesn't compare, but he has that rare combination—personality, charm, talent, and IT.

WHILST fully appreciating what women have done for him, both in his early days and now, nothing annoys him more than to be called a women's idol. "I am not a shiek," he said to me a few days ago, "and I want to be judged as an artist. Of course, like most film stars, I get thousands of letters from women, but I have almost as many from men."

Looking at this six feet of splendid manhood, I could not help sympathising with him in his difficulty. He is a perfect physical specimen, and many a first-class boxer has known what it is to have the gloves on with Maurice Chevalier. For a long time he used to spar with his compatriot and great friend, Georges Carpentier, and whatever part of the world he is in, if there is any boxing going on, Maurice will be one of the first there.

HE has the greatest admiration for England and English artists, and he readily agrees that he has drawn great inspiration from his periodical visits to this country to see English artists at work. Some years ago Maurice and I went to see eighteen different shows in the three days he was in London, the whole plan being so organised that he could see the people who might be useful to him in his work.

Although so lionised he is completely unspoilt, and is as thrifty as most French people. He does not squander the large sums he earns, for, as he so often remarks, "It won't last for ever."

I SAW him signing photographs for a few of his personal friends.

"That must make you awfully tired, Maurice," I ventured.

"Yes," he said, "it is tiring, but I am so afraid of people thinking I am getting swollen-headed that I do my utmost to accede to these requests, but," he added significantly, "two bad films and I shall be forgotten. It's the way of the world."

Chevalier is right, for no one has had greater experience of the fickleness of fortune than he.

"ON THE SPOT" ON A DIFFERENT SPOT — Stage Photo Co.

Owing to Wyndham's Theatre being required for the production of Edgar Wallace's latest play, "The Mouthpiece," his successful Chicago thriller, "On the Spot," has been transferred to the Cambridge Theatre. Janet Megrew and Charles Laughton,—who plays the arch villian—are seen above

BY A. R. CANE

WIFE (to sick husband): "*Darling, I'm just writing to mother—er—how do you spell cemetery, with an S or a C?*"

If Gossip We

Stage Photo Co.

Nippy (Binnie Hale), trailing clouds—and skirts—of glory as a queen of filmdom with her one hundred per cent. "Amurrican" manager, Albert Crumpet (Arthur Riscoe). A scene from that very entertaining musical comedy, "Nippy," which offers excellent fare to play-goers at the Prince Edward Theatre

THE PRIME MINISTER is said to be suffering from sleeplessness. He has certainly his hands full at the present, and even his bitterest opponent could not accuse him of being idle. One of the unfortunate results of sleeplessness is that one is frequently found off one's guard. I am wondering whether Mr. MacDonald would have given the Socialist game away in so ingenuous a fashion as he did in one sentence of his speech at Bedford had he been less brain-weary. For sometimes one speaks the truth because one is too tired to do otherwise.

"CAN any system be worse," he asked, fulminating rhetorically against Empire Free Trade, "than that which taxes the masses of the people?" That is the true vote-catching stuff; but never have I heard it put quite so baldly. From the point of view of securing the political support of the largest number of people by appealing to their cupidity and selfishness, I entirely agree with the "P. M." that any suggestion that "the masses of the people" should pay one farthing towards the upkeep of the country in which they live is the worst possible card to play.

IT is a much more profitable game for a party intent on clinging to office to tell the millions that that party will see that plenty of benefits are showered on them—doles, maintenance grants, free education, pensions for all at fifty, and so forth—without anything being contributed in return.

YET can even Mr. MacDonald give us a just and logical reason why "the masses of the people," who seem to be able to spend quite a fair amount of money on amusement, who cram the cinemas, who swarm in their thousands to football matches and greyhound racing, who bowl about the country in monster charabancs, and make the keeping of a public-house, even in the meanest streets, a pretty profitable trade, should not be taxed at all? At present they pay in direct taxation exactly nothing, and in indirect taxation only an infinitesimal amount of what they get back from the State in benefits. I fail entirely to see why "the masses" should not cough up a small whack in helping to keep the country going, and why the injustice should continue of letting the few pay and pay and pay again because it suits certain politicians to let the rest of the population shift its responsibilities on to the shoulders of a small minority which is already bled nearly white.

Sport and General

THE FILM INDUSTRY CLIMBS!

Now that the British film industry is growing apace, it keeps abreast of its development socially, as this photograph of distinguished visitors to the British and Dominions studios at Elstree proves. Fay Compton and Margaret Grahame, who were starring in "The Happy Husband," are seen with the visitors, who include Mr. J. H. Scullin, the Premier of Australia, standing immediately behind the chair, and Mr. J. H. Thomas, who is on his left

PARK LANE, with its row of new hotels of vast height, is looking like a mountain range. Sir Robert MacAlpine, a youngster of 83, who is responsible for the latest of them, points out that this hotel, on the site

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

Who has been charming playgoers with her acting as "Amanda Prynne" in Noel Coward's play, "Private Lives," at the Phœnix Theatre. Despite the enormous success of the play it was presented for a run limited to three months

Paul Tanqueray

Must.

Lansdowne House is to be pulled down to make way for a still newer one. That is not so. This almost solitary survivor of the days when Americans were merely regarded as rebels (long before it became the fashion to imitate them), is to stand for a few more years yet. Lansdowne House has been bought by the Bruton Club, and will remain in their possession indefinitely. Except for necessary internal reconstruction, the wonderful old house will not be touched

of Dorchester House, is rising and making no noise about it, either, at the rate of a floor a week. It is, indeed, another case of Solomon's Temple, of which some poet or other, whose name I have forgotten, wrote: "Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric grew." And I daresay that when the tall palm-court of the new hotel is complete, plenty of those will be found whose ancestors would have had no difficulty in finding their way about that temple.

By Platford

"I consider kissing's unhealthy"
"Well, I've never been——"
"Kissed?"
"No—Ill!"

WHAT should interest members of the public who, in course of time, will be scaling those MacAlpine heights is Sir Robert's assurance that the hotel which is rising so silently will remain silent after it has risen. This will indeed be a novelty. I have stayed, in the course of a peripatetic life, in good hotels and bad hotels, in expensive hotels and cheap hotels, in clean hotels, and in dirty hotels. But never have I stayed in a quiet hotel. If I do not have a room next to the lift I have one in the immediate vicinity of which building operations, involving much knocking, begin at 7 a.m. If one has gone to bed exceptionally late they begin at 6 a.m.

BUT the worst nuisance in all hotels is the early morning corridor sweeping—carried out, I suppose, in the most up-to-date establishments with by no means silent vacuum cleaners. There is, incidentally, a vacuum instead of a brain attached to the human cleaners who bang the wooden part of brooms against bedroom doors in the cold, grey dawn. Why do hotel proprietors invariably arrange for chambermaids, wearing, apparently, heavy boots discarded by deep-sea divers, to tramp up and down corridors before breakfast like regiments of guardsmen? The proper time for cleaning hotel corridors is in the afternoon, when no one is in the bedrooms—or, if they are, they shouldn't be.

TALKING of London's new hotels, let me here and now dispel the impression that

Janet Jevons

MARJORIE BROOKS

Who plays the part of Anita Gunn in "It's a Boy!" at the Strand Theatre. This really funny farce is breaking all records at the Strand Theatre, where it has most effectually ended the run of bad luck experienced by plays at this theatre

THE PERSONAL "TOUCH"

Writing in the "Evening Standard," Mr. Harold Nicholson pleaded for greater simplicity in explaining Income Tax demands and advocates the introduction of the personal touch. The Chancellor of the Exchequer may yet write to us in the following manner:

DEAR Sir (or Madam). Ere you say
You really can't afford to pay,
Think what would happen were I sent
No cash to pay the Government.
So bear in mind, I beg you, please,
We simply have to pay M.P.'s.
And who could bear to see Tom Shaw,
Our doughty Minister for War,
Become as thin as any rake
Because your cash I could not take!

Before you say, "The sum's too great!"
I beg of you to ruminate
On where would poor old England be
If all of you could no more see
Jim Thomas looking up to par,
Complete with dress shirt and cigar,
Or Ramsay proving once again
His motto's always "Keep it 'plane"
When travelling from the soulless South
To Scotland, Home and Lossiemouth.

But I have said enough to prove
That paying's but a task of love,
For anyone who has a heart
Should be quite overjoyed to part
With hard-earned cash without a fuss
To help such shining lights as us
To shed our radiance around
(At four and sixpence in the pound)—
En passant, I'd point out to you,
We've still some fighting forces, too! B. W.

at all. But the garden in front of it is to go, and it is this garden which will be occupied by a new hotel. Hence the rumours.

THE Bruton Club are carrying on in temporary premises at 11, Berkeley Square, but they hope to get into Lansdowne House by next June. The vice-presidents include Lord Aberdare, Commander Carlyon Bellairs, John Drinkwater, the poet and dramatist, Sir William Crawford, the advertising expert, whose new premises in Holborn are perhaps the most strikingly modern in London, Earl Howe, and Robert Loraine.

MEANWHILE, a few yards away in Bruton Mews, Toby's Club, of which the Marchioness of Carisbrooke and Lord and Lady Feilding are leading lights, has just celebrated the fact that it is six months old. At the celebration it was impossible, long before midnight, to get a table for money, and certainly not for love. Billy Bennett showed the whole art of poetry, and the Bayan singers—Russians who really were officers in the army of the Tsar and can show proof of the fact—chanted folk-songs. Their bass has a voice like the pedal note of an organ. No one can make such a noise, except, perhaps, Grock.

"TERRY," the bartender at Toby's, is a busy man, doing a "double," as well as serving them. In addition to his liquid labours at the Club, he is rehearsing in the new Charlot show at the Savoy—"Wonderbar." He just plays himself, that's all. But it is quite a considerable self. For "Terry" has another name—Capt. T. C. Irvine, M.C., late First Battalion Seaforth Highlanders. And if you doubt this, you had better not tell him so, for "Terry" was the B.E.F. officer's heavyweight champion, and for some years played for the Richmond R.F.C. team.

LONDON'S better-known dance clubs, as well as those who give and go to parties, will miss Lady Hawtrey. She was a rare plucked 'un, was Elsie Hawtrey. At an age when many women sit in front of the fire with a cat and knitting-needles, and murmur querulously about the days that are past, she was dancing and playing golf, and not only enjoying herself, but seeing that those with her enjoyed themselves too. Yet she never made herself ridiculous, and always had that curious dignity which the modern generation seem to have lost completely. She was one of the wittiest women I ever met, and though she could say a vitriolic thing in amusing fashion when occasion demanded, she had an extremely kind heart.

CAMARA

Dorothy Wilding

ANN TODD

A recent photograph of the charming young actress who plays "Gorla Kentish" in "Cynara," which is enjoying a long run at the Playhouse. She recently played with success in "Honours Easy" at the St. Martin's Theatre

THE B.B.C. have earned the gratitude of opera-lovers by seeing to it that we shall have grand opera at Covent Garden for at least double the time than formerly, and for postponing indefinitely the demolition of that fine old theatre, which is, acoustically, the best in the world.

The B.B.C. has a giant's strength (thanks to public money), and in the matter of their treatment of certain orchestral organisations not in their fold, they have used it tyrannously—as I pointed out some weeks ago. But they have done the right thing

RIDGEWELL

EXCEPT for the reason that the result of golf championships will now be more open, the retirement of Bobby Jones from serious golf will be deplored on both sides of the Atlantic. No player from overseas has ever made himself more popular here, and the reason for his retirement will do nothing to decrease it. Not many golfers would consider that their amateur status might be questioned because they gave up some of their time to making a slow-motion film for the education of those less skilled in what has been contemptuously called by one of the non-golfing fraternity as "playing marbles with a stick."

A PROVINCIAL theatre, the Theatre Royal at Huddersfield, which is managed by Alfred Wareing, has started something of an innovation by publishing a monthly magazine, dealing, in the main, with the drama ment"; but the editor, who is also the theatre's manager, has not been so daring as fearlessly to criticise in the columns of *Queue*, as this magazine is called, the plays which have been performed there. I commend this idea to the editorial manager as a means of brightening what is already a bright production.

THE Chelsea Arts Club Ball this year will be a coming-of-age function, and the Albert Hall, on December 31 and the morning of the New Year, should be all the merrier in consequence. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., and Dean Cornwall will design the decorations. The Embassy Band and the Clabon West Orchestra will be responsible for the music, while pipers and drummers of the London Scottish will be responsible for—piping and drumming. A ticket, if purchased early, costs a guinea and a half, and, unless I am mistaken, there is a new firm doing the catering, a departure which ought to be popular.

G.P.U.

SINGERS AT PLAY

Lionel Powell (left), Joseph Hislop, Mme. Galli-Curci, whose recent recital at the Albert Hall was an enormous success, enjoying a morning's golf at Combe Hill. They are watching Miss Diana Fishwick playing out of the rough

here. English opera—that is to say, opera in England—will no longer be in the ignominious position of being constantly on the beg. How that curious trinity—Sir Thomas Beecham, Col. Blois, and Dr. Adrian Boult—will get along together remains to be seen. I am inclined to be optimistic.

and with the ulterior object of "promoting a better understanding between playgoers and those who provide their entertain-

Janet Jevons

LADY NEAL

The new Lady Mayoress in the frock made entirely of British materials. Owing to the repairs to the Mansion House, Sir W. Phene Neal is unable to be in residence there during his term of office

BEAUTY IS SKIN DEEP

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

"But," says the flippant modern, "ugliness goes to the bone" —which is somewhat a depressing thought. In every age the quest for beauty has been the object of study and research. Always women have sought to attain the fatal gift by every means in their power. To-day the urge seems greater, and the beauty specialist has stepped into the breach to repair the ravages that Father Time and the exigencies of modern life make on the faces of fair femininity.

Perhaps because it is raw November, and foggy impurities clog the air, special attention is being paid to the skin, but certainly the subject of beauty treatments is very much the topic of everyone's conversation. The latest method has also set everyone agog. The Parisienne already knows of it, and London is talking about it. The method undertakes to rejuvenate the tissues, causing circulation and a youthful bloom to return to the face. And what woman, no longer young, can resist such an appeal to her vanity as that, and what does mere price matter? Apparently, we must not clog the skin with too much cream nor any vigorous massage, but apply cream gently, *caressing* the skin with a rotary motion towards the muscles of the face.

Believe me, there is much to be learnt on the subject, and many methods to study. Of course, to hear of the fallacies of one treatment one must go to a rival and learn all the drawbacks of others. This naturally undermines one's confidence a trifle, but clearly the thing to do is to hit on the kind that suits one's particular type of skin best and stick to it. Most of us want educating along these lines, for we do not pay nearly the attention to our persons that French or American women do. The cold has a devastating effect on one's appearance, and what can even the smartest hat do against a cold, grey cheek or rosy-tipped nose?

The opinion of a French beauty specialist here on a visit was illuminating on the subject of English skins. I *did* think that we bore the palm, as the owners of rose-leaf pink-and-white complexions. But it seems I was wrong, or, rather, it seems these roses fade far too soon because not carefully tended. About that the Frenchwoman was most emphatic. She said she had never seen so many what she called "broken veins" as in England; meaning the little red streaks that so often appear on the cheeks of fair-skinned women approaching middle age. This she attributed to undue exposure to weather, the hard London water, and general lack of care and attention. A teaspoonful of glycerine, by the way, she informed me was an excellent water softener—so I pass on the information. She advocated a complete cleansing of the skin with a good castille soap and hot water at night, opening the pores with steam and softly patting the face with wet cottonwool with, of course, the use of *her* particular cream, then dashing cold water on in the morning to close the pores.

Exclusive Bystander *photograph by Scaioni, Paris*

This short-length coat is designed by Lelong in black cloth faced with broadtail to reach just above the full peplum of the black cloth and white satin frock it so attractively accompanies. Model Lucien Lelong

There is, I hear, a movement amongst chic women regarding the off-the-face vogue; many are growing a fringe to cover their foreheads! It is an important little coterie that has launched the style and it will be interesting to see if it takes on generally. There has also been the nose or forehead veil shown on many hats with the same softening object in view, as a bare expanse of wrinkles is certainly hard on the older woman. For her the tricorne has made an appearance, though it is an adaptation of the usual Marquise outline. Still, it supplies the vestige of a brim which, with the new halo effect, will probably oust the cap-like affairs for spring wear.

The mid-Season openings are always interesting as they show the trend of things Springwards. Vionnet favoured blue in preference to the everlasting black, and Patou showed a light blue. Lelong showed many light blue shades for evening wear, and his own particular Lelong "blue." Blues look like being very popular for Spring wear, which will be welcome, as they have been out of favour so long. The smart woman has been quietly wearing quite a good deal of yellow this year, in spite of the fact that it was not specially "blessed" by any leading couturier. Of all colours it is the most lightsome and cheerful, and as it is the colour of sunlight it should surely be more favoured in England, particularly through the dismal winter months. Patou has recognised this preference and is showing much yellow at the mid-Season. Pale shades were shown for southern wear, but we must perforce look askance at them in England. With all this world depression and slumps and things, it is our clear duty to try and counteract it with cheerful colour. I have seen

so much drab and dull, dun browns and blacks about lately that I have longed for a touch of bright, dashing red, blue or sharp green. Not mixing the colours, of course, but carrying out a colour scheme correctly. It *does* help to cheer what appears to be a disconsolate world so!

FROCKS continue to be complicated in cut, and are made with hand tucks, intricate seaming, and cunning inlets, so that to copy them needs an art almost equal to the original designer. The models that are "after" these will therefore be a long, long way after, so long, indeed, that some can scarcely have caught sight of the original at all. And to confound the copyist has become the object of the big fashion creators. Such ulterior designs also unfortunately confound one's own pet "small" dressmaker upon whom we are prone to rely to do clever little alterations and little personal things that everyone needs periodically.

THERE is an enormous amount of velvet millinery being worn in Paris at the moment, as this sleek, supple material lends itself to the draped versions of the ubiquitous beret. Also it is so becoming and has the effect of marvellously softening the skin that it suits old and young alike. Satin for hats, it is prophesied, will be popular later on during the difficult mid-season time; but for the December and January smart occasion you cannot do better than velvet. Felts are light, supple and drapable, and soft angora is another sports choice.

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Scaioni, Paris*

The coming of the bonnet is presaged in this demure two-toned felt. The back draws up and ties so as to enclose completely an embryonic chignon and introduces a new note in headgear. Model Mado

AN enterprising modiste has just opened a hairdresser's shop in conjunction with her hat shop, probably as a gesture of despair. She is now in the superior position of making sure that her client has her hair done fashionably before she gives in to her demands for a smart hat. For to-day, as never before, it is the *way* you wear your hat that makes for a chic appearance, almost more than the hat itself. And some women think that they can wear one of these gay, insouciant affairs on any kind of a head! And I would go still farther and institute a beauty parlour as well!

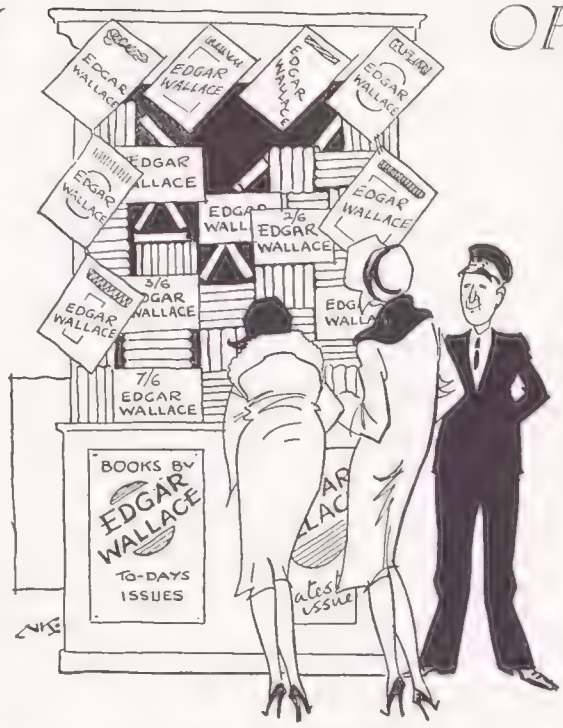
B. B. E.

THE LITERARY SHOW

The UBIQUITY OF WALLACE

By J. A. Hammerton

A LITERARY critic recently referred to the present as "the age of Edgar Wallace." Meant as sarcasm probably; but that critic has given no opinion of late that comes nearer the truth. Not that Wallace, himself the least vain of successful authors, fancies he is making a deathless contribution to the world's literature; not even that his numberless admirers imagine they are privileged to be reading at a time when a novelist in the great tradition is pouring out his genius for their delectation. There is a wholesome lack of pretentiousness about both this author and his readers.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WITH THE WARWICKSHIRE

The Warwickshire country, which lies in Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire and Oxfordshire, is no place for the although for the most part the country is pasture, with practically no wire. Lord Willoughby de Broke is the

(Copies of this coloured print, by Gilbert Holiday, proofed on plate paper, may be obtained from the Publisher,

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

E HUNT ON EDGE HILL

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

MEN ARE UNWISE

By

ETHEL MANNIN

MISS ETHEL MANNIN

A recent photograph of the brilliant and provocative writer who has written our short story this week

THIS happened at sun-drenched Monte, which is on the hot white road which winds out of the Spanish city of Las Palmas in Gran Canaria; but it might as easily have happened in Mayfair. For it has been written that "men are unwise, and curiously planned. . . ."

People who only know the Louisa of to-day find it impossible to believe that she was ever beautiful. They see only a fat, blowsy, middle-aged woman waddling to and fro between the dark, cellar-like wine-shop and the green shade of the vine arbour with flasks of sweet Spanish wine, waiting contemptuously upon swart, sweating mule-drivers and obsequiously upon the occasional motorists, visitors for the most part, who have found their way out from Las Palmas and are going out to the comparative coolness and greenness of the mountains. But for all that she was a magnificent creature when André first set eyes on her, with her rich colouring and black hair, and great eyes and full bosom; there had been something rich and warm about her, and it had not mattered that she was thirty-five to his twenty. She had been in the full bloom of her beauty then, like a great dark rose, a Spanish rose. He had not known there were such women, save in his boyish dreams. And he thought he knew all about women, for he had sailed on ships that had called at all the ports of the world, and he had known Spanish women in Barcelona, and mysterious, secret, soft-eyed women in Algiers, and the lotus-women of the East, and the blonde women of the North; but when he found himself on a ship that called at Las Palmas and encountered this woman Louisa in the back room of a café where a cockfight was being held, he felt that he had made his last voyage. . . .

The town was en fête, and though the Spanish women do not go into the streets after dark even during carnivals, their blood does not run less coldly because they must hide behind closed shutters. She had told him where he might find her—at the wine-shop on the Monte road, and she waited for him there in a dark, tiny room behind the shop. She awaited him by the light of an oil-lamp, and there was a high comb in her hair, and a dark red rose on her breast, and a great bowl of purple bougainvillea was set upon a scrubbed bare table beside a flask of Spanish wine dark as the rose at her breast—a curious sour-sweet, heavy wine that burned like slow fires in the blood.

They talked, and he told her what little there was to tell. His mother had been a French woman, a laundress at Marseilles; his father an Irish sailor who had shipped at Liverpool and picked his mother up along the quay. His mother had called him André, because she had never known his father's name; and he had grown up at Marseilles, and gone to sea when he was fifteen. He had his father's Celtic imagination and his French mother's flame-like temperament. These things he told her; but other things she could see for herself—that he was beautiful, with the kind of wild beauty for which there is no apt definition; he had blue eyes and red hair, and a curious kind of sensitiveness about him that even five years of life in the fo'c'sles of cargo-boats had not been able to dull. There was a kind of passion about him which was more than sexual; it was as though he burned his life away; he had a wild, nervous gaiety. . . .

They loved each other. Yes, it was that—love. It was not merely his wild young beauty or her rich, warm, feminine magnificence. Something in her ached for him; and something in him ached for her rich, warm loving. She gave him something that he needed, and that was loving. The passion of women—he knew all about that. But this woman Louisa, with her deep breast, and her crooning voice, and her love like a great fire, gave him something more. There was a great peace and tenderness about her. She was kind—and he had not known in all his adventurings that women could be that.

So they were married, and the voyage that had brought him to the sun-baked white town of Las Palmas was his last voyage, as he had known it would be; his lay with Louisa in the little wine-shop beside the hot white road; and Louisa was his superb wife, and she was his mother, and his mistress; and she crooned over him, and, loving her, and being loved by her, was a drowning in dark seas, and he was content.

He coarsened a little in five years; it may not have been altogether Louisa; it might as easily have been the heavy Spanish wine and the greasy Spanish food, and the laziness of his life. But at twenty-five he was still beautiful enough to cause women to catch their breath with a queer little flutter of excitement, and look at him a second time.

But in five years Louisa's brief blooming was over. She was at her apex when they had met, and for a year she remained like a rich dark Spanish rose in full bloom—but full-blown to the point of dropping; it was as though she shed a petal with every year that passed; and at the end of five years the rose had dropped; and she was no more than a fat Spanish woman of forty, a blowsy, slovenly thing, coarse, with no more magnificence about her. People who did not know imagined that the beautiful young man must be her son. They were horrified when they discovered that he was her husband. And there *was* something preposterous about it, if you hadn't known Louisa in her majesty.

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You would see André lounging against the white-washed porch, slender, young, with his shining hair and his dreaming eyes and his sensitive, almost girlish, mouth, a queer sensuous grace about him as he stood there with a coloured shirt open at the throat, and his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, his face a little petulant, a little bored, his bare feet thrust into dirty white canvas shoes, his thick hair waving back from a high, intelligent-looking forehead . . . and then Louisa would come waddling out, heavy, graceless, middle-aged, and what had been a richness and fire in her became coarsened into mere sensuality. And you would see his eyes rest upon her with a kind of dazed bewilderment. . . . But that wasn't the worst part of it; it was when she looked at him with a kind of pleading in her dark eyes that the thing became intolerable. . . .

Perhaps she had always known that it would come to this. When she had been a magnificent thirty-five she had not seemed so great a way from his twenty; but now that she was forty there was a great gulf between her years and his; she was forty, and he was not even thirty. . . . In ten years' time he would be a radiant thirty-five, in his manhood's prime, whereas she would be fifty. . . . There was something monstrous about it. Yet it had not been like that when she had been the rich dark Spanish rose in full bloom. . . . But you know how it is when you cut a rose and put it in water; for a little while there is ecstasy in its perfume; it is exquisite; and then imperceptibly its rich colour fades, its scent no longer intoxicates; it is the same rose, but there is a breath of decay upon it . . . and finally you fling it out in disgust, and you can scarcely remember its first fragrance. . . .

It was so with young André, and he was bewildered and hurt. Louisa was as loving as ever, infinitely kind, infinitely loving—but he no longer saw her as the kind of woman one dreams about yet never hopes to find; he saw her as she was, and was humiliated in himself because he saw her like that. Was his love so little a thing, then, he would ask himelf, that it must pass with the passing of Louisa's beauty? All his Celtic romanticism was affronted; he wanted to go on loving this woman he had married; he wanted it desperately; but the spark just would not ignite.

He became restless and moody. He would go down into the town and lounge along the quay, staring at the ships loading and unloading; and he would tell himself that one day he would go aboard a ship again and sail away, and never return. A great nostalgia for the sea and foreign ports would seize him, and the lurch and throb and smell of a ship. . . . But he never went. Always he went back to Louisa and the dark little wine-shop . . . went slowly, his feet shuffling in the hot white dust, his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, his shoulders sloping, all his gaiety and youthful élan drained away . . . and again, it might have been Louisa, or it might have been the heavy, smothering heat. . . . But it was as though all the life had gone out of him. He was content to lie about in the sun like any Spanish mule-driver or vineyard labourer and sleep life away.

And then there was the day when the young girl, Pepita, came into the dark interior of the shop, and André saw her for the first time. She had been there all the time, but she had been a child when he had first come to live there with Louisa; now she had suddenly blossomed and was a woman; she was sixteen, a slender, vibrant flame of a thing, and she had been in love with André, the beautiful young husband of the fat old Louisa, since she was thirteen. And there was anger in her love, and there was pity. André's wife should be beautiful as the blue-gowned Virgin with the seven stars in her hair who stood in the little white-washed church under the eucalyptus trees at the bend of the road. Pepita was prepared to do more than face public scandal and the censure of her family, of the whole village, of the priest, for André; she would die for him if need be.

And something of this shone out of her eyes the day she found André alone in the wine-shop, Louisa away in the town marketing. She was sixteen, and André was twenty-five; what did it matter if he had been the husband of the fat Louisa for five years? She could not believe that he had been her husband in fact for more than a year. She thought of him often at nights lying in her narrow virginal bed in a tiny white-washed room that smelled of fermenting grapes and sweet pepper and of the eucalyptus tree outside. She liked to think of André lying alone. She would see him with his head on his arms, and the moonlight white on him . . . and Louisa snoring heavily in the next room. In her young romantic imagination there were always white jasmine flowers round the window of the little room where André lay alone. She could not know how in the hot darkness, with shutters closed against the white virginal moonlight, André slept with Louisa's heavy black hair spread across him like a dark spell. . . . Or how sometimes he turned to her, seeking on her breast a peace that had vanished with the falling of the rose.

Pepita's love was a thin white flame; it was a slender saint in a blue gown that knelt down to pray; it had the white intensity of the moonlight; and the ardour of the Spanish noons. It was a young girl's love, both pitiful and savage.

And the day André saw her for the first time she had the white stars of jasmine flowers in her black hair, and their scent crept out and stabbed him like memories of old dreams and dead desires, and youth quickened in him again; and though they said nothing of importance to each other, these two, something was kindled between them in that encounter.

After that Pepita came often to the wine-shop, even when Louisa was there. She would look defiantly at Louisa. For Pepita had courage and a dauntless spirit. She resented Louisa bitterly, and she would have resented her if she had not been in love with André; just as she would have known no resentment had Louisa been young and beautiful. It was not that André was married that hurt and

made her angry, but that he was married to Louisa. Married to someone whom she considered worthy of him Pepita would have nursed her love in secret; but that he was married to the fat old Louisa was an outrage, and it made her want to flaunt her love, defiantly, challengingly.

Louisa knew all about what was going on in Pepita, and what was going on in André. But she said nothing. People in the village began to talk, but still she said nothing; and Pepita swaggered in and out of the wine-shop and smiled openly at André, and sat on the step of the door at his feet when he stood lounging there. And her love was flung like a challenge at Louisa. People marvelled at Louisa's patience—or was it blindness? they asked each other. They asked her about it, frankly. She smiled and shrugged.

"If it amuses the child to come running after my André, let her. Is he not married to me?"

"But if he should run off with Pepita?" they said; "they are both young."

"He would come back," Louisa answered, and smiled her slow, heavy smile. The neighbours were astounded at her quiet certainty. She would see, they said among themselves; she would see.

In the meantime Pepita continued to hang round André, and finally he began to take her dancing to a restaurant at Monte, where tango teas were the rage; and they had been seen after dark standing close together in the deep shadows of the eucalyptus trees.

And one day they went off together. Louisa went about her work as usual, waddling to and fro under the vine arbour with the flasks of wine, sitting in the sun at her front door, smiling, composed, and no one knew what she felt about her runaway young husband, or if she felt anything. The neighbours decided that she was just a lump of flesh who no longer felt for anything except her food and wine. Louisa remained indifferent to the gossip and conjectures and opinions; she sat in the sun and drank her wine and enjoyed her food, and there was an air of waiting about her.

PEPITA had energy as well as courage. She had never intended staying in the sun-baked little white-washed village under the eucalyptus trees and working in the vineyards until such time as she should marry a labourer or a mule-driver, and settle down to grow fat and raise a family. She had always meant to go into the city. She would have gone even without André. That her ambition extended to him was incidental, for her own ambition had been there for as long as she could remember.

It was she who had taught André to dance, and she who found them both jobs as professional dancers at a restaurant patronised by the smartest people in Las Palmas—the English colony, and the visitors who came off the de luxe steamers which came cruising out to the islands. André was astounded at her youthful energy and enterprise. She bewildered him by it, and by the ease with which she adapted herself to the strangeness of the world into which her enterprise and energy and ambition plunged them both.

"Pepita . . smiled openly at André, and sat on the step of the door at his feet when he stood lounging there"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

One day, it seemed to him, she had been a little peasant girl wearing clogs and shawl, and the next she was a fashionable young woman with high heels and a Paris frock. And he, André of the fo'c'sle and the wine-shop, became André in sleek clothes and patent leather shoes . . . and presently it ceased to amuse him, and he hated it. He danced with smart English women who openly admired him, and he danced with Pepita. He had seen enough of the world in his voyagings to be able to adapt himself to the new life, but it was as though his five years of lotus-eating with Louisa had destroyed something in him.

Pepita's energy exhausted him. She was always so exhaustingly gay and young and full of plans. And when he fell silent she would ask him what he was thinking about; and if he did not kiss her often enough she would demand to know whether he loved her; and he did not always want to say what he was thinking, and sometimes he was not thinking at all, but merely being silent; and he had always hated women who demanded everlastingly to be told whether they were loved or not. There was never any peace with Pepita; he must always be either talking, or dancing, or making love; and it began to get on his nerves after a few months. There were times when he would have given anything to get away from the sound of Pepita's shrill laughter, her clamorous embraces, her incessant demands. Quite suddenly he felt old and tired. He was twenty-five and she was sixteen, but the distance between himself was greater than he had ever felt the distance between himself and Louisa to be. It was as though his own youth was consumed by the demanding flame of Pepita's. Spanish women mature quickly, and at sixteen Pepita was a woman of the world; even as a village girl she had known what she wanted with life. And André had never known. He had always gone with the tide, prepared to be washed up in any port. . . .

Pepita began to be bored. The fine virginal flame of her passion for André dimmed. Some of the men she danced with were so much more amusing than her boorish André, with his silences and his moods. There was a wealthy young Spanish business man who wanted to marry her and take her to South America. She would travel, she would have clothes . . . and now that she had got André away from the fat old Louise she no longer ached for him.

After all, even if she left him now, had she not served him a good turn in getting him away from that dreadful woman? He must at least think kindly of her for that, be always grateful to her; she had opened up a new world for him—he was still so young, and the world was full of lovely women, and he liked women. . . . She felt that she could leave him and marry her rich admirer without any qualms of conscience. There was a young and attractive Englishwoman, Frieda Bland, who obviously adored him, and even though he couldn't marry her so long as Louisa lived, well, women were unconventional in these days, weren't they, women of Mrs. Bland's type, and if they couldn't have the men they loved for husbands, would have them as lovers. . . . .

And the shrewd little Pepita was quite right about the young widow, Mrs. Bland. Mrs. Bland thought André the most beautiful and adorable person who had ever happened. And back in London no one need know that they were not married, and later on, perhaps, they might be able to be married. André had charm and intelligence and personality. as well as good looks, and he was wasted on a place like Las Palmas . . . and she had enough money for them both.

ANDRÉ knew all about all this, and that the rich and young and lovely Mrs. Bland was his for the taking—she would come away in his hand like an over-ripe peach on the wall, he thought cynically. He could go with her to England and lead a fashionable life, and the wine-shop on the road to Monte would be like a dream. . . . .

But he neither went off with the fascinating Mrs. Bland nor made any attempt to induce Pepita to remain with him. He went off by himself. He went down to the quay where were ships from all the ports of the world, sailing ships with slender spars against the vivid blue of the sky, and battered tramp steamers, and a great rattle of cranes and creak of derricks, and the clatter of mules coming and going on the cobbles, and men of all nationalities, brown and white, and a cruising steamer with white paint gleaming in the shadeless sun. . . .

He sat there, and he thought that he would go to sea again, and be free and a wanderer, responsible to no one woman, and then perhaps he would rediscover his lost youth. But first he would like to say good-bye to Louisa. He owed her that. She at least had given him peace . . . and she was his wife; nothing could alter that, or wipe out the intimacy of the hot, dark nights when her hair had lain upon him like a dark spell—the shutters closed against the white, virginal moonlight, and the jasmine flowers, pure as a young girl's love. . . .

So he left the quay and made his way out of the town to its dusty outskirts, arid with prickly pear and heaps of volcanic rock, and up the long, winding white serpent of the road to Monte, to the white-washed wine-shop with the vine-arbour, and Louisa sitting in the sun, stolid, impassive, as though waiting for him.

He had been away six months, but she revealed no sign of surprise at the sight of him.

HE stood before her, sheepishly. "I've come to say good-bye, Louisa; I'm going back to sea."

"When?" she demanded.

"I don't know. As soon as I can get a boat."

"Then there's no hurry. Won't you come in out of the sun and drink a flask of wine?"

"I've no right in your house any more, Louisa."

"Because a man goes away for a little time, may he not come back? We are all free to come and go as we please, are we not?"

He stared at her, incredulously. "You mean you're not angry, Louisa?"

She laughed, and he saw that her teeth were white and even as ever. "There was a poet once who wrote that it was better to forgive the whole world beforehand."

She rose and laid a hand on his arm. "Come in, André, and tell me of the world and your adventures."

She drew him into the dark and cool of the house, and then somehow they were sitting together on a wooden settle and he had his face in his hands, and she an arm about his shoulder, and he was telling her of his life with Pepita, and how tired he had grown of her laugh, her high spirits, her youthfulness, her gaiety . . . and Louisa listened, a little smile playing about her mouth. . . .

"And one could never be silent with her," he was saying, and his young voice was bitter, "always one must be talking, giving up one's thoughts, making love to her. There was never any peace. With you, Louisa, one could always be quiet. You leave a man alone when he wants to be alone."

She laughed, and her laugh was rich and warm. "I am not a young girl, André." She pressed his hands, and suddenly he caught her hands to his lips, and, leaning forward, laid his head against her deep breast.

"Oh, Louisa, it's good to be home again," he sighed . . . and she bent over him and her hair was loosened and fell about him, cloaking him, like a dark spell. His vision of ships and the sea, and the free and lovely beckoning women of foreign lands, grew dim . . . and there opened up before him a vista of the empty, sun-drenched days that stretched ahead if he stayed, and they would go on for ever and for ever and for ever . . . all his youth and freedom slipping away. . . He might have been the lover little ardent Pepita wanted; then she would have stayed with him, for she had loved him, and he could have salvaged the remains of her love; he might have gone to England with the rich and beautiful Mrs. Bland; he might have gone back to the free, roving life of the sea . . . and any of these things might have been better than what he was doing now; and he was free to do any of these things; it was not too late for any of them. . . .

But he knew he would not do any of them. It was for this Louisa had waited in quiet confidence, she who no longer had either youth or beauty, only her mature woman's wisdom, and something in herself to give which no one else could give in the same degree. . . . She could afford to wait; she had no need to fear. . . .

All his dreams slipped away from him, drowned in the deep, dark peace of her. Perhaps he was throwing life away; he did not know; he did not care; he had come home. "Men are unwise, and curiously planned . . ." This she knew, who had never heard of the English poet who wrote those words. She knew because it was the root of her woman's wisdom; it was the secret behind her smile as she crooned over him triumphantly. E.M.

Janet Jevons

ENID STAMP-TAYLOR

Who will play a leading part in "Wonderbar" when it opens at the Savoy Theatre on December 1. This play, in which part of the action takes place in the auditorium, has proved an enormous success on the Continent

FILM NOTES

AMERICA FAILS—AND SCORES

By Lionel Collier

Faith (Joan Bennett), the minister's daughter, is re-united to Ahab (John Barrymore) after seven years. A scene from Warner Bros. picture "Moby Dick" to be shown at the Marble Arch Pavilion

THERE seems to be quite a common misconception amongst producers that a book that reads well is necessarily good material for a picture. This is obviously a fallacy, since fine writing is an end in itself, and, while it may enthral you to read it, translated into a series of pictures with the author's descriptions—otherwise his word painting—missing it can become banal and even tedious.

A VERY good example of this may be seen in Lloyd Bacon's adaptation of Herman Melville's story, "Moby Dick," with John Barrymore as the mad whaling captain. In spite of the fact that there are some vivid sea scenes and well-constructed settings which give one the atmosphere of the New Bedford of the period, it lacks grip and even conviction. Whereas the book itself both grips and convinces.

IT was made some years ago, also with John Barrymore, as a silent picture, and put out under the title of "The Sea Beast," and then, too, it missed its mark. There is no fault attaching to either the director or production. The reason is simply that "Moby Dick" does not lend itself to expression in pictorial and talkie form.

PERHAPS the fact that John Barrymore strikes a theatrical note as the skipper, who loses a leg in an attempt to capture the whale which is the dread of the whaling community, and finally tracks it down, makes the picture more artificial. He is so very conscious that he is an actor all the time that one does not believe either in his bluff heartiness at the beginning nor in his temporary madness when he believes that the girl he loves has rejected him because he has lost a limb.

John Barrymore as Ahab in "Moby Dick," his latest picture which will be shown at the Marble Arch Pavilion. It is the screen version of the play by Herman Melville

WHEN I see a play like "Anybody's Woman," which is having a premier run at the Plaza, I do feel that there is some good in the talkies; for I must confess generally to a decided preference for the silent film, which had developed to a high degree a very distinctive method of self-expression.

THE woman of the title is taken by Ruth Chatterton, who is one of the gifts that mechanical speech has given us. She is very versatile, and here takes the part of a woman of easy morals, who, having married a lawyer while he was drunk, brings him to his senses, and finally makes him love her. This end is only gained after their social differences have nearly wrecked her happiness, and after she has stood the insults of his male friends, who regard her as anybody's property.

For this part she uses a low-class American accent, which is wholly convincing. She can, too, be just as convincing either with a German accent, as in "Sarah and Son," or with that of a society lady, as in "The Doctor's Secret."

THE story grips, and is wholly human, with well-balanced drama and comedy. She is supported by Clive Brook, who, however, is unequal to the difficult and unsympathetic part of the lawyer. In the first place, Miss Chat-

Ruth Chatterton gives an outstanding performance in "Anybody's Woman" at the Plaza. This is another example of her versatility

terton acts him off the screen, and in the second he is entirely incapable of relaxing. As a drunken man in the opening sequence he is only like a man imitating a drunken man.

Of course, there is a third angle in the shape of a friend of the husband's who sees the estimable qualities of the wife, and wants to marry her himself. This part is played by Paul Lukas admirably. Altogether, a picture that is really worth seeing.

Will Rogers as the slow-tongued countryman in his latest film, "Lightnin'," made by Fox. It is adapted from the play by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon

Sharon Lynn enjoying herself in "Lightnin'," the Fox film in which she appears with Will Rogers, Louise Dresser, and Helen Cohen

WE have had numerous recruits from the stage to the screen, but I believe that Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, professionally known as Amos 'n' Andy, are the first from the world of radio. There is nothing much original about their first film, "Check and Double Check," which is of the haunted house variety, but there is personality and individual humour in the cross-talk of the two black-faced comedians. Perhaps when they have grown accustomed to film work they will develop something better.

Following his very successful films, "They Had to See Paris" and "So This is London," Will Rogers is to appear in what is claimed to be an even better comedy, "Lightnin'," adapted from the stage play. He appears as the lazy philosopher, a part acted here by Horace Hodges. The picture is directed by Henry King, who was responsible for "Stella Dallas."

"Check and Double Check" is the title of Radio Picture's latest film, starring Amos 'n' Andy. These two famous black-faced comedians broadcast for the Pepsodent programme in America

ENGLAND'S New Bid for AIR SUPREMACY

Central Press

The four-engined Handley Page forty-seater air liner, the first of eight such machines to be built for Imperial Airways, which, when fully loaded, weighs 100 tons and is the largest used by any air line in the world. Some idea of its vast proportions can be gathered by comparing it with the Puss Moth seen on the right

Another view of the first of the giant Handley Page machines with which England will make a determined bid for air supremacy. Its four engines give a total of 2,240 h.p. and provide a cruising speed of 100 m.p.h. The six-cylinder touring cars are quite dwarfed beside this new mammoth of the air

Fox Photos

FLYING NOTES

FACTS AND FIGURES — By Capt C. E. Ward

The Mark II Redwing two-seater light 'plane, with side-by-side seating, can be flown at the cost of ½d. per mile in oil and petrol. It is fitted with an 80-88 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley "Genet" engine

G.P.U.

Topical

Mr. Handley Page and Mr. Volkert, the designer of the giant aeroplane photographed on the opposite page. Eight of these giant machines are to be used in the future

Would You Believe It ?

FIVE years ago the private owner of an aeroplane who used it as a car was one of the rara avis, quite unknown to the general public; yet, to-day, there are nearly 400 of the species, and if the curve of progress remains constant, there will be 12,000 in these small islands in 1935. To the uninitiated an aerodrome always appears as a vast empty space. "Why do you want all that ground," they say, "in a few years' time the heliocopter will be here, rising and descending vertically from the house tops." The dictionary describes the heliocopter as a flying machine which should rise vertically by airscrews revolving horizontally. The Autogiro is the nearest approach to a heliocopter which has been designed to date, but some years must elapse before it becomes a practical proposition for Mr. Everyman. When that time arrives large spaces will still be required as aerodromes, because scarcely any houses have flat roofs, and I doubt very much whether flying machines will be allowed in back gardens. Reverting for the moment from future possibilities, Croydon was found to be overcrowded nearly two years ago, and private enterprise financed two new aerodromes for London, at Heston and at Hanworth Park. Heston started with three machines in the lock-ups which to-day house sixty. When it became an airport in June this year few people imagined that any business would be done, yet 500 clearances to and from the Continent through Customs have been made in seven months, all privately owned machines. At Stag Lane during the summer more than 1,000 landings were made in one day, which provides the answer as to why De Havillands opened another aerodrome at St. Albans a short time ago. Being British, it is our fashion to put off taking any action until we are in rather a tight corner, in order to demonstrate another national characteristic which delights in finding some way of muddling through. The situation with regard to aerodromes in this country will be a serious one in a few years' time unless we prepare now.

Winter Prices at Hanworth

DURING the winter months private owners can get their machines overhauled at Hanworth, the headquarters of National Flying Services, at considerably reduced rates. The workshops employ about fifty men, who have been engaged on repairs and overhauls throughout the summer, and, owing to a reduction in Club flying time due to short days, it will be possible to deal with more private work. The equipment of the shops at Hanworth is unusually comprehensive. Major repairs can be carried out, machines can be completely rebuilt, and the engine shop is equipped with a fearsome-looking machine called a dynamometer, which can test up to 250 horse-power. Private owners anxious to ascertain the exact weight of their machines might like to know that Hanworth is one of the few aerodromes where a proper weighing machine is available. Enquiries should be addressed to Major F. R. Williams, the Chief Engineer, who will provide an estimate before work is put in hand. Incidentally, members can stay at Hanworth during the winter at an inclusive rate of £3 13s. 6d. per week, with special terms for longer periods. Tennis is a free issue, except at week-ends, when the fee is 4s. an hour. If Midget Golf attracts you, the charge is 1s. a round.

Keystone

The giant Junker 'plane being viewed by King Alfonso and air officials during its visit to Spain

A wing of the Louvre, renowned for its art treasures, as seen across the Tuileries Gardens. Though in the heart of the city, the surroundings possess sylvan charm

The eighth wonder of the world! Miss Dorothy Herzog, well known in N.Y. and Hollywood, visits Europe, and not only prefers London to Paris—where, from her description, good Americans should surely die—but gives cogent reasons for her preference

AN AMERICAN GIRL CRITICISES PARIS!

By DOROTHY HERZOG

THIS is a tale of two cities—with hasty apologies to Charles Dickens. It is one American's viewpoint. I would just like to murmur, before carrying on, that what follows represents strictly highlights. I stand by these highlights, regardless of the barbed or unbarbed criticisms they may energise.

Now, be it agreed that travelling is first cousin to horse-racing. What is a geographical winner to one is a dull blob to another. Seven out of ten visitors rave over Paris. The remaining three attempt to get in a word about London. I am among this minority.

"WHAT's your first stop?" a friend questioned when I stepped on board the liner at New York. "Paris?"

"Maybe."

"That's the spot," sighfully. "You can live there for a song."

"Any royalties?"

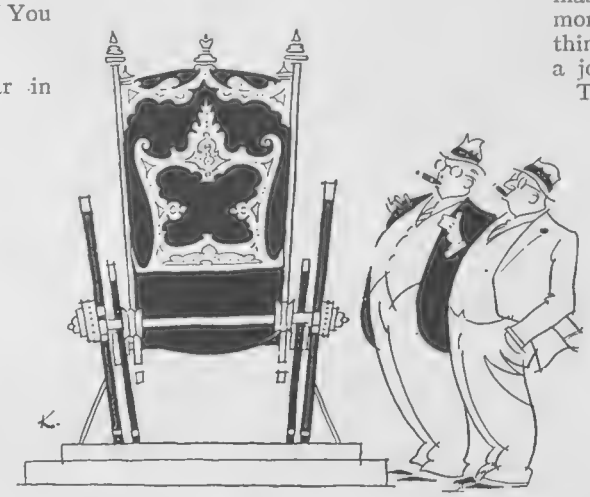
"I'm on the level. A dollar in Paris goes farther than the old roads to Rome."

"What about London?"

"London! Ye gods, the people are social icicles, food costs nugget prices, rents are exorbitant—if you get out of London with the seams in yesterday's shirt you're lucky."

I AM most particular about seams. I went to Paris. The idea lacked originality. Thousands of Americans went to Paris. They were easily recognised. Most of them looked unhappy, even before they attempted the language hurtle. Those with the automatic franc reach were Americans. The army seething in Cook's, American Express, Bankers' Trust, Guaranty Trust. Americans. Those in English-speaking restaurants. Americans. They prowled the Rue de Rivoli and matriculated in the subtleties of rue. They rode the rubberneck wagons and heard about history from barkers. They stalked the museums and viewed centuries of art at fortissimo speed.

They suffered. Ah, yes, we all suffered in the pursuit of amusing hours. We were franc-ed until our right arms ached from the pendulum exercise. We wrote hypocritical, rosy-hued letters to friends and relatives. Thousands of us writing letters. The newspapers at home carried columns from Paris salaaming the frisky wench.



"They stalked the museums and viewed centuries of art at fortissimo speed"

Magazines, doing likewise. Why has Paris got this stranglehold on the world's imagination? Why does the major share of travellers head straight for that city? The majority do not speak the language. This majority has been told through the medium of print that "practically everyone in France speaks English." That's the come-on. Plated signs on shop doors may say so, but I discovered that as a rule the linguist called oui yes, and let it go at that.

I SURVIVED two months close-upping Paris, and my imagination, once so inflamed by Parisian blah, is still calling itself rude names. I departed for London disillusioned, glum. I slumped into the train seat. Life appeared dull and hopeless. I began to take stock of Paris impressions, Paris highlights. *Paris was, yes, dull!* Could London really offer worse?

While in Paris, I shared a flat that was centrally located, around the corner from the Madeline and lullingly quiet. For twenty pounds a month a flat should be fairly decently furnished. It wasn't. We climbed three Alpine flights to a domicile conspicuous for its jaundiced furniture and screaming wallpaper. I don't know the wretch who designs French wallpaper, but I entertain a dark suspicion that he is perpetrating a grudge on an indifferent nation.

Three flights below us, in cubby-hole space, resided the perpetrator of France's modern reign of terror—the concierge. She loomed huge and massive, and she sat the day long, a monument of flesh. Her man was thinner. He was actually known to do a job or two on spectacular occasions.

The concierge was supposed to receive sixteen shillings monthly tip from us. She did. Why, I don't know, for her chief duty of delivering mail and packages was performed fitfully. I suppose tenants' tips saved the proprietor from paying her much salary.

WE were to learn that the concierge must be friendly if you anticipate a pleasant sojourn in a flat. Ours took an unreasonable dislike to my friend. She showed it by delivering mail and packages so irregularly as not to deliver them at all. We confided to a friend that we intended

(Continued on page 466)

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AN AMERICAN GIRL CRITICISES PARIS! (continued from page 464)

Topical

A view of Regent Street looking towards Oxford Circus, one of the busiest shopping centres in London. These shops are described by our American visitor as magnets and dangerous temptations to a melting purse

raising Hades. He advised caution. She would only do worse—perhaps lose mail and packages, tell visitors we were out when we were in, etc. And as for appealing to the American Consul! The concierge is believed to be the eyes of the police in so far as residents are concerned.

Could London compete with such a condition? I came to see.

AFTER a few days in London, however, I began to ponder why the city was taken so calmly. There is an undercurrent of pride, but little municipal expression of it. Which is where Paris has the jump. Paris advertises. She keeps her name aglow.

Paris ballyhoos its museums. An average traveller knows that when she goes to Paris she should investigate the Louvre, the Rodin museum, Victor Hugo's house, etc. Yet this same average traveller is uncertain about similar points of interest in London—other, of course, than the British Museum and Stratford-on-Avon.

Paris has its Seine. London, its Thames. The Seine has been exploited. Its name creates a beautiful picture. The Thames, curiously enough, is pictured as a gloomy, fog-ridden river. London fogs are stressed. Robert Browning spread the beauties of England when spring is here, but Paris weather is a dreadful anti-climax. It rained six of the eight weeks I was there. I marvelled that people complained about London.

A FLAT in London proves a joy after an experience in Paris. No devilish concierge. Rent, gas, electricity, coal, wood, maid service—on a par with Paris. I have been told that a good maid can keep a larder bill down to minimum and still set an appetising table. I believe this. I would never believe it again of Paris. When a Londoner says something, he appears to know what he is talking about. He speaks with dispassionate honesty, not with fanatic gush nor frayed superlatives that reflect subjective hopes rather than objective realities.

Photopress

Peace in a London backwater: Staples Inn, Holborn. "There is charm in the very architecture of London . . . relievingly different from the spiritless mushroom monotony one sees in Paris"

The shops in London are magnets. Their sports, suits, tweed, gloves, shoe displays are dangerous temptations to a melting purse. I have seen no dress shows since being here. I saw many in Paris. So excessively have Paris modistes been advertised that one knows where to find them. In London, one must learn.

I have been told that the London women are beginning to take a new interest in evening frocks. And by that same token, I may say that London women have the reputation of being poorer dressed than in any other metropolis. No one bothers to contradict such erroneous, unflattering stories. Why don't they?

FOR the American visitor, the theatre is a gala attraction. London is a stage Klondike. Because the newspapers write of it sparingly and because so few theatrical names are known to visitors, one finds it difficult to become acquainted with the players here. Hence, one usually selects a show haphazardly.

Paris doesn't rate its theatre too highly, either. She is content to boom the Folies Bergère and the Casino de Paris. One has heard whispers that these shows are naughty. Paris is shrewd. She caters to the repressed.

London is not the social North Pole it is rated to be. Paris, in a desultory sort of way, is hospitable; but a Londoner's hospitality carries depth, understanding, friendliness.

LONDON is a city to be enjoyed in a manner that does credit to one's self-respect. Paris so often undermines self-respect: the bleak flats, the bleaker smaller hotels, the wretched, drab furnishings, the high price of bath tubs, disinterest in the a-b-c's of hygiene, the morale-shattering side-walk cafés, where potential artists and writers drink to-day and defeat to-morrow by discussing it too freely. Where the tropical theme yawn—"manaña"—is hummed in lieu of harder endeavour.

But London? There is charm in the very architecture, an architecture so relievingly different from the spiritless, mushroom monotony one sees in Paris.

AND still London has little to say about herself. Doesn't it matter to have a half million visitors pay her a visit to learn to wave the Union Jack because that's the way they feel about it? This is an advertising age. Americans know it. The French know it. London can stand behind sales talks. Will she always be content with silence?

D. H.

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SHOOTING NOTES

I. B.

Four-hundred brace of pheasants were bagged at Bickleigh, on Dartmoor, at a shooting party given by Sir Henry Lopes, seen in the foreground with some of his guests

THE RABBITS' BILL

By "Clodhopper"

MR. HANBURY and other members of the House of Commons indulged in their annual tirade against the sport-affording, albeit destructive, coney, when the Rabbits' Bill was read a second time. Judging by the accusations made against him by the law-makers of Westminster, Brer Rabbit is about the worst and most hardened little criminal unhung—or rather unsnared—and Mr. Hanbury, apparently bent upon his extermination, declared that in death, just as much as in life, the rabbit is a rogue and impostor. "Does he not figure on the restaurant menu as 'Creamed Chicken,' and at the furriers as sable-dyed ermine (whatever that particular kind of fur may be) and mink?"

NOW, apart from the possible contingency of a sudden dissolution of Parliament, there is every probability of the Bill becoming law within the next few months. In point of fact, it was given a second reading by a majority of 147 to 21. It will be remembered that during last Session it was actually read a third time and would have got on to the Statute Book but for the fact that it contained a clause which allied rabbits with rooks in the matter of drastic treatment to be meted out to them. The House of Lords therefore pronounced a veto on the Bill at the eleventh hour. Mr. Hanbury has now, however, made it very clear that the dusky-feathered criminal is to be given a reprieve.

BUT—from the rabbit's point of view at any rate—there is one saving clause in the Bill which renders the kindly idea of exterminating the highly prolific rodent, in any part of the country where it is regarded as a pest, futile. I refer to the clause which vetoes the use of steel traps and gins of any kind. Now much though one abhors these cruel engines, every experienced gamekeeper and warrener will tell you that the only method of successfully dealing with an overplus of either rabbits or vermin is trapping, and more particularly does this apply to big colonies of rabbits inhabiting railway embankments, cliffs, dykes, and banks. Pottering around with nets and ferrets is no earthly good in "cleaning out" such fastnesses of bunnies.

BUT, for the enlightenment of those who are not conversant with the Rabbits' Bill, I may mention that it is a measure which, if passed into law, will give unrestrained power to county councils throughout the country to destroy the rodents in question by, so far as I have been able to ascertain, any method they may deem fit and effective, bar trapping. Indeed, I see no reason why some up-to-date and enterprising "C.C.'s" should not employ gas in their campaign!

UNDER the Bill, if an owner or occupier of land can convince a county council that excessive damage is being done to his crops, trees, fences, or pastures by reason of the neglect of a neighbouring occupier of land to repress, keep down, or exterminate the rabbits, the county council can require that within fourteen days the occupier who is causing the nuisance shall abate or prevent the damage. If he does not comply the county council has the right to send people to carry out the reduction of the rabbit, and, further, the offending occupier may be called upon to pay the expenses. The county council, at the request of the complainant, can send an inspector or inspectors to report on the damage, and the complainant will be charged a fee of two guineas. This, however, will be refunded if his claim is upheld.

ON the other hand, there is a right of appeal to the county council from the occupier who is presumed to be the offender in not having kept down his rabbits, and in that case the county councils shall take no further action until they have heard the case of both the complainant and the defendant.

NOW there is no denying the fact that a selfish landowner who is too parsimonious to buy wire-netting, and who appears to think that his neighbours cultivate corn and roots, or plant young trees just for the honour and glory of feeding his ground game, is not only a nuisance but a menace to agriculture. Such owners and lessees of sporting estates and coverts should most certainly be compelled to keep their rabbits down to within reasonable limit and off their neighbours' crops and plantings. But, happily, landowners, even among the new rich, of this kind are very much in the minority.

THE great majority of landowners perform their duties as thoroughly as possible, and compensate the neighbouring farmers, fruit growers and others amply for any damage done by ground-game. That these good sportsmen and fair-dealing neighbours should be subjected to the arbitrary and inquisitorial powers of autocratic and overbearing bodies like the county councils is to my idea unthinkable. Not only are owners of land dead against the Bill, but the bulk of farmers also.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

CONDITIONS THAT FALSIFY ALLOWANCE

IN some states of atmosphere, notably when mist hangs around and visibility is bad, there is a risk of over-estimating the range of birds and as a consequence over-leading them. Most shooting men can recall occasions when they have struck a bad patch of missing, and to their undoing assumed that every miss is sure to be behind. That belief is, fortunately, not so widely held nowadays as in times gone by. Shooting schools with their fast-travelling clays have so widely implanted the need for ample allowance that birds, not yet in full flight and barely clearing the tops of a young plantation, may prompt an allowance of a couple or three feet when but half the amount is needed. The range being short, there is little spread of charge to provide margin. Likewise, with marks higher up and farther out, a five-foot lead may seem called for when two are required. Experienced pheasant shooters are well aware of the necessity to avoid fully centred body hits, hence in holding well forward they utilise no more than the rear half or third of the total spread. The adjustment is thus cut so fine as to leave but a matter of inches between a clean kill and a clean miss. When that style of shooting has been perfected a considerable margin is provided against missing behind, so reversing what may be probability for the less skilled.

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DOGS

Photopress

St. Bernards being exercised by attendents and students from Abbots Pass Kennels, Leigh, near Reigate, where Mrs. Staines breeds and trains these famous dogs

HUSKIES & HEROES By Lady Kitty Ritson

I HAVE an interesting piece of information to give all my readers, which will, I am sure, delight them. For some time past I have felt that, although I am pleased to answer all questions connected with everyday ailments, the purchase of dogs, etc., not being a qualified vet., I do not like undertaking to give advice on purely veterinary subjects. To overcome this difficulty I have now arranged with a fully qualified veterinary surgeon to answer all questions dealing with medicinal matters and illnesses. All you have to do is to send the questions to me and I will forward them to the veterinary surgeon. There is, of course, absolutely no expense connected with this Free Information Bureau, and you may rest assured that you will receive the best advice possible.

I think you will all be glad to hear of this new scheme, and I hope you will not hesitate to make use of it.

THERE is a lull at the moment in the canine world, as until Birmingham there are not many big shows; but if we are resting on our laurels in England, in Canada and Alaska the "big push" is just beginning, for everybody is looking forward to the dog-sled races which will take place in the winter. Anxious owners are trying to decide which dog will make the best and most capable leader; the dogs are being taken longer distances every day so as to harden them, and "racing talk" is to be heard everywhere.

EXPERIENCE tells in these long and gruelling races, but there is a romantic story of Charles, the brother of the 13th Earl of Dalhousie, who, in 1910, "tenderfoot" although he was, won "The All-Alaska Sweepstake Dog Race." That was no race for weaklings, for dogs and men had to start from Nome, race to Candle, two hundred miles away, and then turn and race home again. It was a terribly hard course under the severest weather conditions, but Charles Maule Fox Ramsay did it, beating such men as "Scotty" Allan

HUSKIES are attractive dogs, although a good deal of balderdash has been written about them. Every Northern dog is not a husky, but the genuine husky is a dog that is partly wolf with a dash of outside blood. On the other hand, the Siberian huskies raced by Leonard Seppala and Peggy Ricker are pedigree dogs with no trace of wolf blood, but I am not sure that they are any the better for that. The wolf blood does not necessarily make a dog savage; I have known many huskies that were half-wolf and that have ended their days as perfectly good house-pets.

SPILLERS have reduced the prices of their foods and biscuits. This is good news, for dogs love their products. My favourite is Winalot, for if I feel hungry I can seize a bit out of the dog's bowl and enjoy it, even though it annoys the dog!

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired, and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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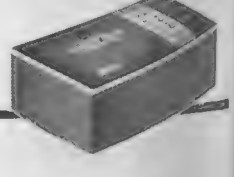

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This book has a laugh n every line, profusely illustrated with humorous drawings by an artist who is a genius at portraying the funny side of everyday examples of "misnts." Beneath the rollicking fun of the verse, however, lies a strong psychological truth—that the hat portrays the man. Read the interesting explanation of how to choose the hat to suit every type of face and build.

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The **Hamomar Book** tells you clearly the secret of the **Hamomar Method** and shows you how you can be free for ever from the embarrassment of unwanted hair. It also gives details of the **three famous beauty preparations** which are the outcome of our years of experience of the skin. Many women have harmed their skin by using unsafe methods of removing the hair; the **Hamomar Beauty Preparations** are made to repair this damage. Call or send a post card to-day for this remarkable book. It is full of vital information to you. It costs you nothing and places you under no obligation. Don't delay, act before you mislay our address.

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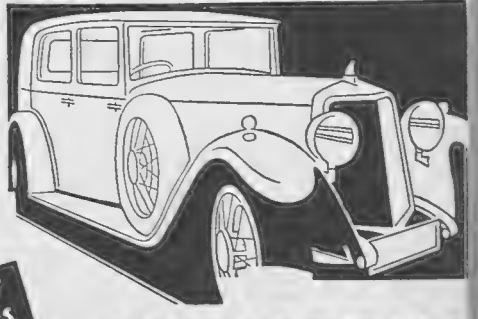

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

WHEN WOMEN WERE WOMEN

By Ralph Straus

PEOPLE seem to be talking about a first novel called *Equestrian Portrait* (Eyre and Spottiswoode: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Thomas Bell. I was told several times that I simply must read it. I did read it—right through—and thoroughly agreed with Mr. Bell's philosophy of life, and was thoroughly bored by his story. Yet it is beautifully written and as picturesque as you like. There is a lot of love-making in it of the good old sort, and a lot about food—always a popular feature, I am told—and the women are lovely and delightfully feminine, and the men—well, the men are manly. But—I was bored.

MR. BELL has no use whatever for the poor little standardised creatures who call themselves free men and women to-day. He looks with longing to those more gracious and glamorous days of the past, when men wore swords and could use them, and when women had only one career. And he takes you back with him to a country that never was and to a time that might be any century you like, before machinery came to turn the world topsy-turvy. Kings and dukes and cardinals strut about, and talk a great deal, and fight for their mistresses, and drink coffee (very hot) at all sorts of unusual hours; and I dare say that many people will find their conversation very witty and invigorating. But I did not and it seems to me that Mr. Bell's book is being absurdly over-praised. Good writing is not enough by itself, and what story Mr. Bell condescends to tell is pin-like in its thinness.

I MAY, of course, be dreadfully wrong. *Equestrian Portrait* may be a work of genius, and in that case I shall probably get letters from an infuriated admirer of Mr. Bell who lives at Wolverhampton, asking me why I don't go into the grocery business, or from a lady poet in Lowestoft demanding my head on a tank (which, by this time, I suppose, will have taken the charger's place). But there it is. The book bored me. Nevertheless, I shall certainly read Mr. Bell's next book, for he knows how to write and he makes his own rules.

ANOTHER story which I was recommended to read was Temple Thurston's new novel, *Man in a Black Hat* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*). It was a thriller, they told me, of an entirely new kind. Unfortunately, I failed to be thrilled, and could discover little or nothing in it that was new. A gentleman named Gollancz (no relation, I take it, to the publisher) is an alchemist with startling powers. He lies on a most uncomfortable bed and can project his mind or soul or whatever it is into all kinds of places. And this

Planet News

Mr. E. Temple Thurston, whose new novel, "Man in a Black Hat," is reviewed on this page, is seen above indulging in his new hobby, painting. The sketch of Birmingham, on which he is engaged, only took him ten minutes to do

Mr. Gollancz is particularly keen to obtain an old manuscript book full of alchemical lore of the most important kind. He might easily have stolen it, but your true alchemist, it seems, is far above us on all questions of morals, and the book has to be given to him willingly by its owner.

WELL, it is duly handed over, though only after a beautiful lady seems likely to succumb to what I may call alchemical treatment. But I could never quite understand why Gollancz, with all his powers, worried so much about a mere manuscript. Surely he had only to lie on those hard boards and project his mind *into* the book, and—but I am a child in these matters. I cannot think, however, that even Mr. Thurston's warmest admirer will find this "thriller" more than mildly exciting. Alchemy is so definitely out of date.

IT is pleasant to turn from these magical matters to Mr. Seymour Hicks's cheery reminiscences. *Between Ourselves* (Cassell: 10*s.* 6*d.*) is the kind of book that will put you into the best of good tempers. Mr. Hicks's interests are not confined to the stage, and his activities have been both extensive and peculiar. Here you will find sketches and portraits of the most varied kinds—criminal trials, Royalties in private, sport, and, of course, dozens of amusing stories told in just the right way. I thoroughly enjoyed reading this jovial and entertaining book.

ANOTHER delectable volume of reminiscences is Mr. Vere Ker-Seymer's *Idle But Happy* (Chapman and Hall: 18*s.*). Most people find it sufficiently troublesome to be educated in one country. Mr. Ker-Seymer was educated in no fewer than four. He ought to have been an eldest son with a rent-roll of five or six figures; but in that case he would not have had the varied career which is here so entertainingly unfolded. Edwardian days, Paris nights, all kinds of sport, not excluding cards and aviation in its infancy, and travel into all sorts of unfamiliar quarters—it is all very light-hearted, and sometimes a little scandalous in a pleasantly diverting way. And if you want a really good laugh, you will turn to the chapter entitled "The Little Book." "The Little Book" is a great rarity, an alleged Anglo-Portuguese grammar, and its contents must be read to be believed. Not many copies have survived for obvious reasons, but Mr. Ker-Seymer possesses one, and he quotes very freely from its ludicrous pages.

YOU should also read Louis Bromfield's *Twenty-Four Hours* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is a really fine panorama of New York society, from the highest to the lowest. All sorts of people, from millionaires to gangsters, rush through its pages for a day and night, and in that time a highly exciting story gets itself told. I do not say that you will not have met most of his people often enough before, but Mr. Bromfield makes you interested in them, and he has his own methods of portraiture, and he makes you believe that you are yourself in New York and playing a part in its queerly hectic life.

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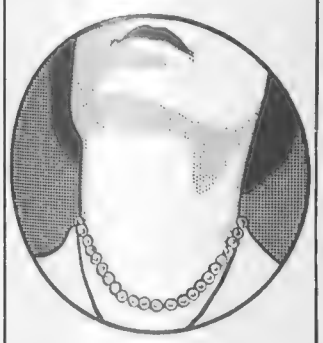

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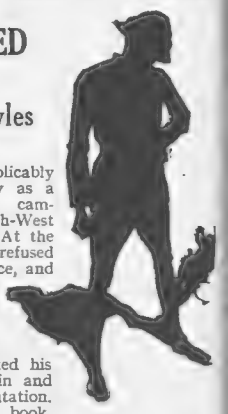

Robin Laing inexplicably failed in his duty as a soldier during a campaign on the North-West Frontier of India. At the court-martial he refused to make any defence, and was cashiered. His friend, Peter Jaffrey, in loyalty to a schoolboy oath, resigned the Service, and devoted his life to finding Robin and restoring his reputation. This is a man's book.

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Gift Books for Christmas

What could be more acceptable as a Christmas present than a luxury gift-book—that particular book that one can never *quite* afford to buy, but which is such an asset to one's bookshelf? First of all there is Cecil Beaton's *Book of Beauty* (Duckworth: £2 2s.). In this much-talked-of volume Mr. Beaton offers us a collection of his best photographs, together with nearly a hundred drawings of celebrities, both Stage and Society, and many witty and caustic comments on his sitters—and, I presume, a photographer like Mr. Beaton ought to know! For instance, he tells us that the mysterious Greta Garbo: "with her slightly insane look, eyes that are thinking strange thoughts, and weary smile . . . is Leonardo's Gioconda, a clairvoyant who, possessed of a secret wisdom, knows and sees all."

"Their banks may be blind and their galloping rough." An illustration by Lionel Edwards to verses by "Rancher," in praise of the Provinces, one of a collection of hunting poems entitled "Forrard-On!" published by Country Life, Ltd., at one guinea net

Another little book, very different, but which we shall want, is *The Story of Princess Elizabeth* (John Murray, 2s. 6d.) by Anne Ring, who has been for many years attached to the Royal household.

This short biography of our four-year-old princess is told very simply, but has nevertheless a distinct fascination of its own.

Sometimes we see her painted gay and happy—at others (let's whisper it) a little naughty; but always there peeps through the charming and forceful little personality.

The little princess evidently possesses a keen sense of humour, and, having once been scolded for saying "My goodness!" takes the greatest pleasure in hearing some grown-up, who ought to know better, say it. "Then up go her small arms in a gesture of mock amazement, and she presses her palms tightly over her mouth, while her blue eyes are full of roguish laughter."

For those who are lovers of cats I would particularly recommend a new and handsome volume of Michael Joseph's *Cats' Company* (Bles: 15s.).

Personally, I quarrel with Mr. Joseph for devoting a chapter in comparing the cat with the dog to the latter's disadvantage, because, apart from the fact of their both being household pets, they have not one single characteristic in common, and do not bear comparison in any particular.

However, the author knows his subject, and if he does not perhaps quite convince us of the superiority of feline intelligence, at least he tells an interesting story.

The book is illustrated with numerous drawings by the celebrated German artist, Herr Dolbin, made at odd moments, and revealing the cat in many strange and characteristic attitudes.

In *Forrard-On!* (Country Life, Ltd.: £1 1s.), by "Rancher," who has himself known sports all across the world, we have a real treasure for our hunting friends.

"Rancher's" virile lines are strangely reminiscent of Kipling, yet contain a quality that is entirely their own.

One of F. R. Dolbin's clever studies of cats, which add greatly to the interest of "Cats' Company," by Michael Joseph, published by Geoffrey Bles, (15/- net)

And they summon up so vividly the sound of the horn in English hunting countries. Horsemen will thrill to read these verses of a horseman; to recapture the high enthusiasm of their most thrilling moments in the saddle, and to know again the excitement and hazards of the hunting-field.

Undoubtedly *Forrard-On!* is a hunting song of Empire—a pictured book of hunting poetry, of sportsmen and of sport, with all that sport implies—a book for the library table, which guests will be allowed to read, but which not even the most favoured will be permitted to carry away with them!

Mr. Lionel Edwards has caught the inspiration. His sixteen pencil sketches bring alive the hunting scene in a striking manner.

An édition de luxe is issued at £3 3s.

Now we must turn our thoughts to poetry, and here we have a large and varied selection from which to choose. Of the more solid kind I should recommend *Reflections* (Elkin Mathews and Mamot: 3s. 6d.) and *The Teardrop* (Fowler Wright: 5s.), a somewhat modern version of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, by Marieda Batten.

Another rather charming collection of lighter poems is *The Mountain Beast* (Longmans, Green: 3s. 6d.), by Stella Gibbons. Some of Miss Gibbons' verse is the nearest approach to Shelley that I have yet seen—and one can hardly say more than that!

In *Rhymes for Grown-up Children* (Rivers: 2s. 6d.), by E. R. S. Skeets, we have the purely ridiculous, most amusingly illustrated.

Let me quote one verse:—

A dancer said, "Doctor, I want to be
Vaccinated where none can see."
The doctor turned her round 3 times 3,
And said, "Under your tongue it will have to be."

A useful little book is *Pantomimes* (Mathews and Mamot: 6s.), by Lord Howard de Walden. This is a collection of the usual fairy tales in pantomime form treated in a refreshingly new manner. A real boon to the country house party who want something new in amateur theatricals this Christmas.

C. P. B.

Player's Please

I always smoke them

Two of the Totalisators which have been installed by the Racecourse Betting Control Board. The upper picture shows the one at Brighton, and the lower that at Sandown Park. The policy of the Board has been to erect Totalisator buildings which, far from detracting from the look of our racecourses, will enhance their appearance, and, as the accompanying pictures prove, they have achieved this object with conspicuous success

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Lasting Tokens of Remembrance

Evening bags are always welcome. The black crêpe-de-Chine pochette at the head of this page costs only 28/6 at Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, and is beautifully embroidered

The charming antique paste bracelet on the left may be procured for 89/6 at Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge, the design being particularly good

The solitary ring above might be worth thousands of pounds. Actually it is a triumph of art, for the central stone is a Ciro sapphire or emerald surrounded by Ciro diamonds

A happy idea is embodied in the brooch next to this ring. Expressed in Ciro diamonds and emeralds, or sapphires, it is formed by two clips, which can be used separately, or slipped into a frame

Chinese embroidery on a white background makes the second bag from Harvey Nichols a thing of beauty. The unusual mount is of dull gilt, set with blue stones

Above is a clock and barometer set in an engine-turned silver frame ornamented with a pierced front. It has very clear dials and comes from J. C. Vickery, 145, Regent Street

The manicure set, which is as useful as it is ornamental, also comes from J. C. Vickery, and is made of glass and silver gilt with any coloured enamel fittings

Exquisite antique paste ear-rings set in silver are seen on the right, and with the handsome oval brooch above are included in the selection of jewellery from Woolland's. The latter can be added to a list of inexpensive but imposing presents, for the price is 29/6

On the extreme right is a very imposing necklace and pendant which would add distinction to the simplest evening frock. It also comes from Woolland's, and is composed of antique paste set in silver

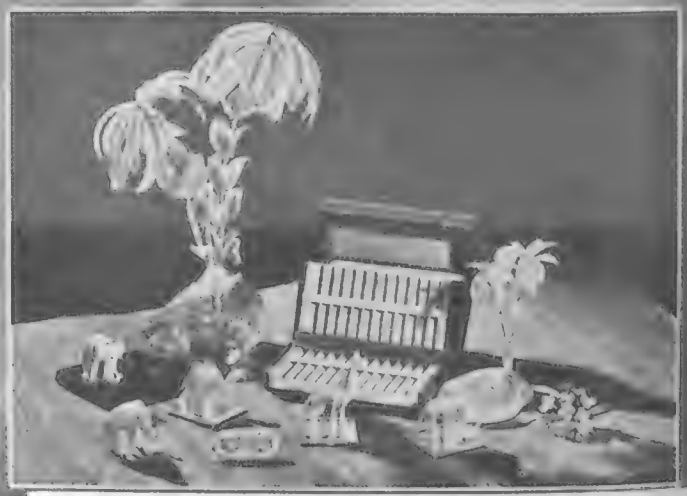
GIFTS FOR THE HOME

To give something different—that is everybody's ambition. Why not choose Price's Art Candles, for their charm lies not only in the soft mellow light they create, but also in their variety and marvellously decorative effect

Dog lovers will be fascinated by these plaster bookends from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. They cost 10/6 a pair, the velvet-covered boxes for cards and bridge markers being 14/9 each

Some useful suggestions from Maples, of Tottenham Court Road, including a 35/- cigarette box in thuya wood with ivory corners: a pewter tea-set for 37/6: an improved cocktail shaker in electro plate, and a tortoiseshell table bell, both of which cost 47/6

Here is a graceful hand-painted liqueur wagon from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street. On it stands a similarly adorned wooden lamp with a vellum shade, and a hand-painted cigarette box, which cost 32/6 and 21/- respectively. The glass cocktail set is ornamented with natural coloured game birds



Beautifully modelled glass animals, trees and flowers from the Maison Georges, Buckingham Palace Road, made into table centres, ashtrays, menu card holders, and buttonholes, ranging in price from 2/- to 30/- each. The leather cigarette box, which is lined with cedar and holds 48 cigarettes, each separately, costs one guinea

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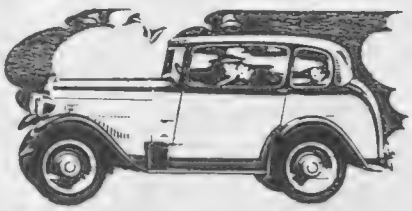

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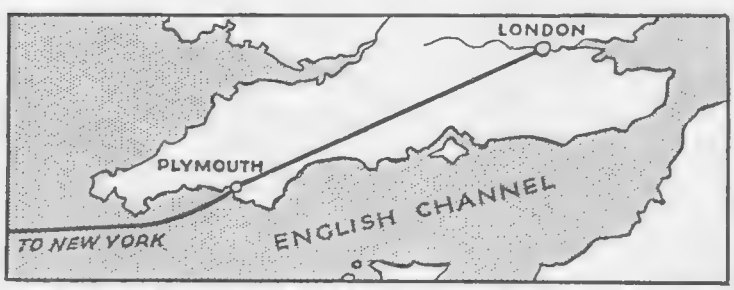

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SOME GIFTS FOR HER

Another thing she is sure to appreciate is a handbag. Here are three all-British Shillacraft models. Prices range from 10/6 to 35/6, and they combine distinction with durability, for everything is of the highest quality

If you want to make certain of pleasing her, choose a fur coat, for that is something every woman likes to own. This handsome South American golden skunk cape scarf costs only 5 gns. at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

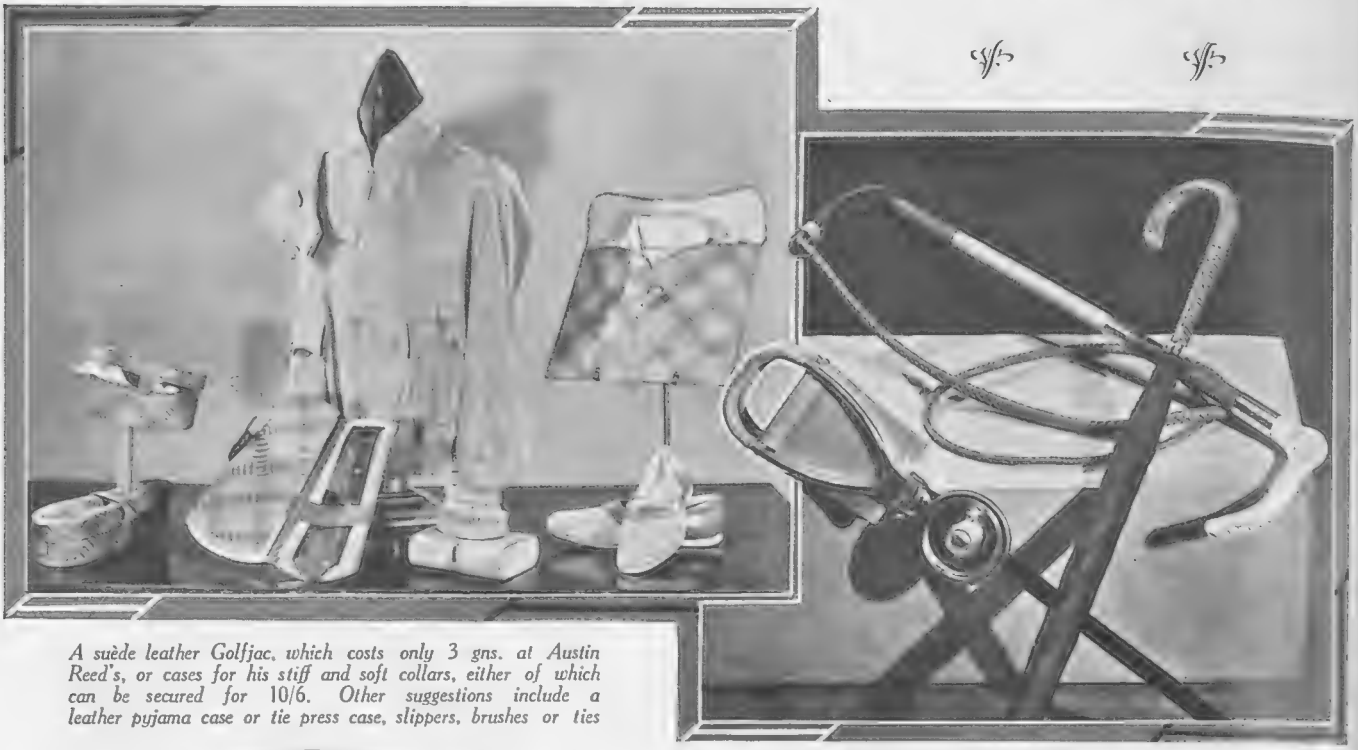
For ten guineas one may acquire this slide-action gold cigarette case from the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co., 112, Regent Street. The beautiful vanity case is of silver and blue enamel, with marcassite hinges and catch

Jewels have always been regarded as the most precious of gifts, not only because of their value, but because of their talismanic powers. Here is a magnificent single stone diamond ring from the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co., and a wonderful diamond and platinum bracelet

Yardley's have a new treat for the discriminating woman, for they have brought out a fascinating perfume called Orchis. The container shown above, in a silvered box, costs 19/6, the metal sheath for the handbag is 5/9, and the plated compact 2/6

A suggestion which will receive the approval of those who are keen on sports and country life. Woven angora moufflon shot with silver threads makes this charming cap and scarf from Woodrow, 46, Piccadilly. They cost 25/- and 21/- respectively

PRESENTS HE WOULD APPRECIATE



A suède leather Golfjac, which costs only 3 gns. at Austin Reed's, or cases for his stiff and soft collars, either of which can be secured for 10/6. Other suggestions include a leather pyjama case or tie press case, slippers, brushes or ties

A whalebone hunting crop, covered with brown lizard and plaited gut, and bearing the honoured name of the house of Brigg, 23, St. James's Street, S.W. Also shown above is a shooting stick with a pigskin hammock seat and a telescopic shaft: and a lady's umbrella with a brown lizard handle

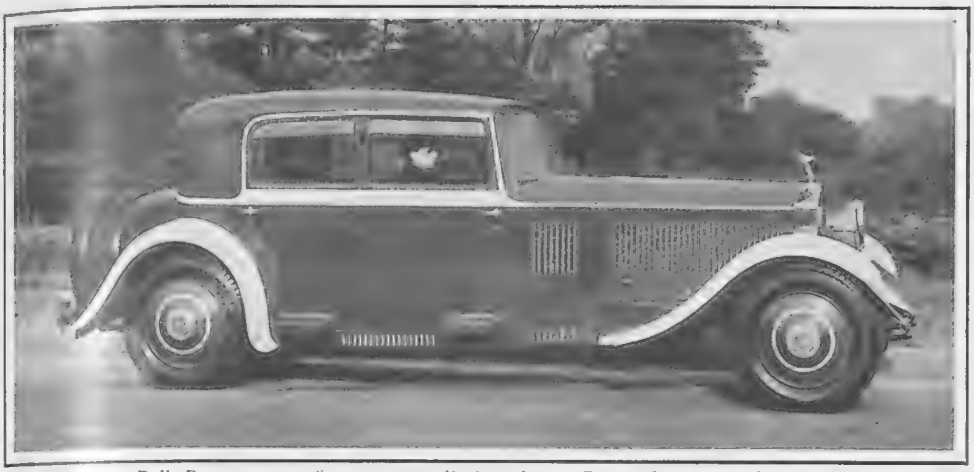
If he is a connoisseur, give him a case of Charles Heidsieck Champagne, as depicted above. It will be greatly enjoyed on account of its general excellence, and, in addition, it will reflect your own good taste

Cointreau Liqueur (in circle) which the world-famous firm of Cointreau, of Angers, specially distil extra dry for England. It has a delicate orange flavour and is delicious with coffee and in cocktails

A Bassett Lowke scale model locomotive—officially, if he is young: and unofficially whatever his age! The picture on the left shows a schoolboy enthusiast oiling up an L.N.E.R. Gauge 1 engine before running

MOTOR NOTES

ARE BLONDES BAD BUSINESS? By E. M. Wright



A 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis fitted with a Barker Sports Saloon Limousine of the latest type, and Barker patent wheel discs The body is cellulosed red with cream mouldings and wings, while the roof is covered in red leather to match the paintwork

FAIR-HAIRED women motorists are not popular in New York. Blondes, it is said, are regarded by insurance experts as definitely a "bad risk." Many motorists of my own sex would classify women drivers under the same heading and label them all as atrocious drivers. Not so the New Yorker. Brunettes, he says, are the best; next come women with red hair; while by a strange mixture of terms the blonde is the black sheep of the fold. Blondes, it is hinted, are more likely to be fluffy little flirts; and apparently the implied suggestion is that they are so deeply engrossed in affairs of the heart that they are unable to pay attention to the more serious business of negotiating a crowded city street. The brunette, according to the New Yorker, drives with a mind undisturbed. She typifies "the woman with a purpose," that spectacled gorgon who combines the angular severity of a school-mistress with the driving power of a captain of industry.

***

LONDON, we are told, prefers the blonde. The London policeman, however, knows better. Gentleman though he is—to those who possess tact enough to flatter his vanity—he is quite impartial to the golden-haired minx or the dark-eyed, dark-haired siren. Women are all one to him. What matters is the state of the weather, the state of the traffic, and, above all, the state of his own inside. A fine morning, an easy job, and happy memories of a good breakfast will put Robert in a better mood than the most seductive of feminine wiles. Given such a happy combination of circumstances, even a man may get away with it at the cost of nothing more serious than a heart-to-heart talk on the subject of bad driving. More serious is the claim constantly put forward on behalf of women drivers that, in the mass, they are better than men. The latest statistics adduced in proof of this claim come from the blonde-hating city of New York. Women drivers number 25 per cent. of the total. Women are responsible for only 6 per cent. of the accidents. Therefore, it is confidently asserted, women are better drivers than men.

***

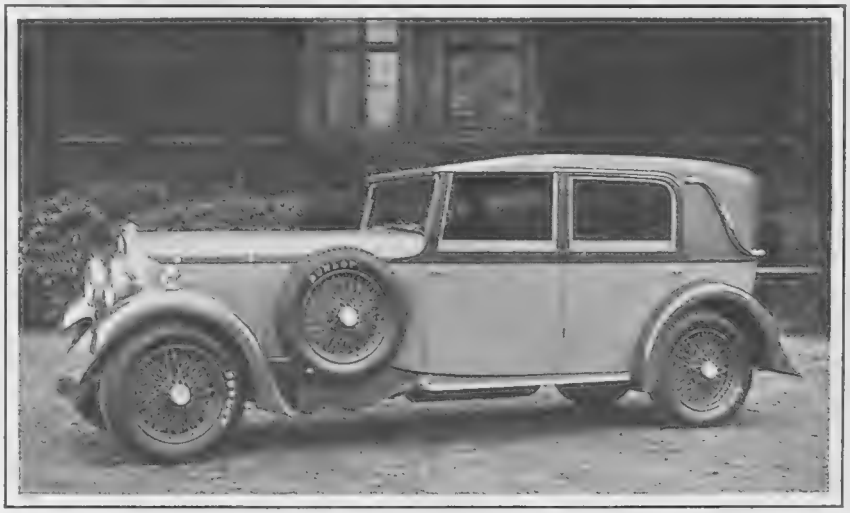
I AM a blunt, outspoken man and cannot let such a claim pass unchallenged. The only real test of good or bad driving is to compare the proportion of accidents to the mileage covered; and even then one must take into account the circumstances under which a car is driven. Mrs. Motorist and Miss Motorist may laugh to scorn their menfolk's claim to greater skill; but week-end jaunts into the country are not nearly so severe a test as daily runs through crowded city streets. Many a woman motorist who prides herself on her skill at the wheel would not dream of attempting to drive through London where her husband goes daily as a matter of course.

***

WOMEN motorists drive in the main for pleasure. The vast majority of men either earn their living as motorists or use their cars for business trips. A man *must* drive long miles over skiddy roads in pouring wet weather or on frosty mornings, when road surfaces are like sheets of glass. His wife or his daughter can postpone her visit to the hairdresser's or put off her afternoon call. Blonde or brunette, male or female—these are but side issues. Experience is the only true criterion by which a motorist may be judged.

Latest Minerva

IN the new 20/28 h.p. straight-eight Minerva this famous Belgian concern has produced a really remarkable motor car both as regards appearance, performance and value for money. For the seven-seater enclosed-drive limousine sells complete with very elaborate equipment at under £1,000—£950 to be exact. It is a kind of junior version of the 40 h.p. eight-cylinder, having a sleeve-valve engine taxed at £28, but claimed to develop 90 b.h.p. at 3,200 r.p.m. The performance is noteworthy for the extremely silent and smooth running of the engine, which has a nine-bearing crankshaft. Practically any hill can be climbed on the exceptionally good silent third gear, while on top a comfortable 70 m.p.h. is attainable under favourable conditions. The steering is very delightful, and, of course, controls for the lights, etc., are mounted in the centre of the column. The car is most imposing in appearance, the wheelbase being no less than 12ft., so that even with the extremely long bonnet and roomy seven-seater body there is no noticeable over-hang at the rear. The 32/34 h.p. six-cylinder and the 40 h.p. eight-cylinder models are continued for 1931. The English company's address is Minerva Motors (England), Ltd., Chenies Street, W.C.1.



A Windover six-seater Sedanca body on a 30 h.p. 8-cylinder Lanchester chassis. The pleasant lines of this car are accentuated by a new and practical mudguard scheme

For You or Your Man

THE Standard Motor Co., Ltd., are inaugurating a

MOTOR NOTES (*continued*)

new scheme for the free instruction of mechanics and others on the staff of agents for this popular make of car. A very complete curriculum has been worked out, occupying a fortnight, and arrangements can be made for board and lodging in Coventry during the course at very reasonable rates. In response to an enquiry I made myself, on behalf of readers of THE BYSTANDER who, as Standard owners, may be interested in sending their chauffeurs for the course, I was informed that it is the company's intention to extend the school's activities to cover classes not only for chauffeurs, but for private owners. Full particulars can be obtained from the Company at Canley, Coventry.

No-Knock Ethyl

AT 101, Hammersmith Road, the Anglo-American Oil Company has staged a remarkably fine demonstration room showing the benefits of Ethyl Anti-Knock fuel. They have evolved a new testing apparatus which shows on an instrument board the exact effect of changing over from ordinary No. 1 petrol to Ethyl. A similar apparatus mounted on the back of a specially constructed body is being taken round the country by Pratt's demonstrators, and should prove very interesting to motorists in the provinces. It is pointed out that though Ethyl is still 1*d.* a gallon more than ordinary petrol, the saving in greater mileage and better performance more than make up for this difference.

***

AN attractively produced booklet with the rather apt title of "Plus Four," describing the Bentley people's unique record at Le Mans, is something in the nature of a swan song; for this company has recently decided to retire from racing. For four years in succession, from 1927 to 1930 inclusive, Bentley cars have won the 24-Hour Grand Prix d'Endurance, each time establishing a new record; while in 1929 Bentley cars filled second, third and fourth places as well. The booklet, which is profusely illustrated, reprints the accounts of this year's race from *The Autocar* and *The Motor*, and should make quite a useful addition to the sporting motorist's library.

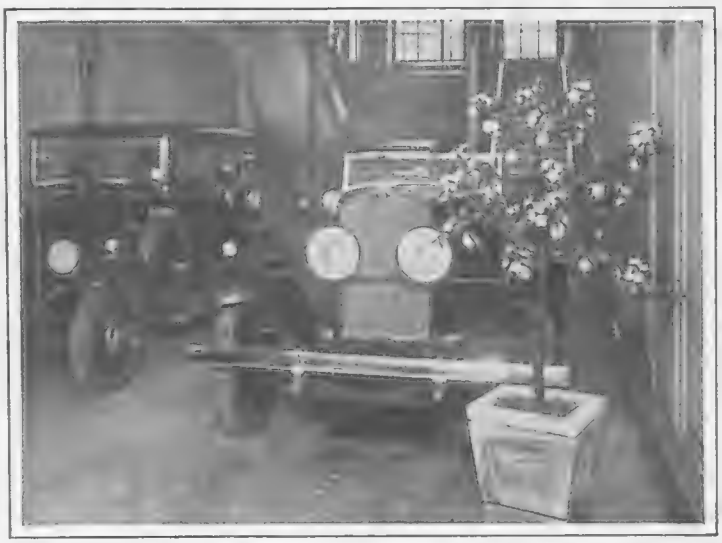
***

THE decision of one of our most successful firms to cease from competing in important road-racing events is not without significance. It may be that firms like Bentleys and others find that the dangerous game is not worth the financial candle, or it is, perhaps, for the reason that motor construction has already reached such a pitch of perfection that it would be almost impossible to beat existing records.

***

THE Madison St. Gervais Metr-inch Micrometer is the name of a new measuring instrument brought to the Editor's notice by a very good friend of THE BYSTANDER, who is the inventor. This should interest anyone concerned with the manufacture of precision products. In addition there would seem to be valuable possibilities in the manufacture and sale of the instrument itself, for it is not yet being made in Great Britain. Any manufacturers or others interested can be put in touch with the inventor by writing to the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

E. M. W.



A novel form of motor showroom decoration as used by Warwick Wright, Ltd., 150, New Bond Street, showing a lemon tree bearing fruit and blossom next to a "90" Talbot touring car

A Good Traveller

From the Firth of Forth to the Ports of the World..
By and to Cities afar...To the Outposts of
Empire by and ....Over the Mountains
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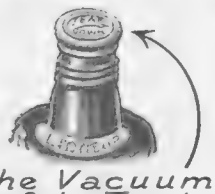

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

Coquilles d'Œufs.

D'Oie à la Diable en Casserole.
Salade.

Bananes à la Patricia.

Café.

Coquilles d'Œufs

Butter the insides of some china soufflé cases, put a tablespoonful of prepared and seasoned spinach in each; upon this put about a dessertspoonful of cream. Break a fresh egg in each, season with pepper and salt, place the cases on a baking sheet, and bake in a moderately heated oven for eight minutes. Dish up and serve quickly.

D'Oie à la Diable en Casserole

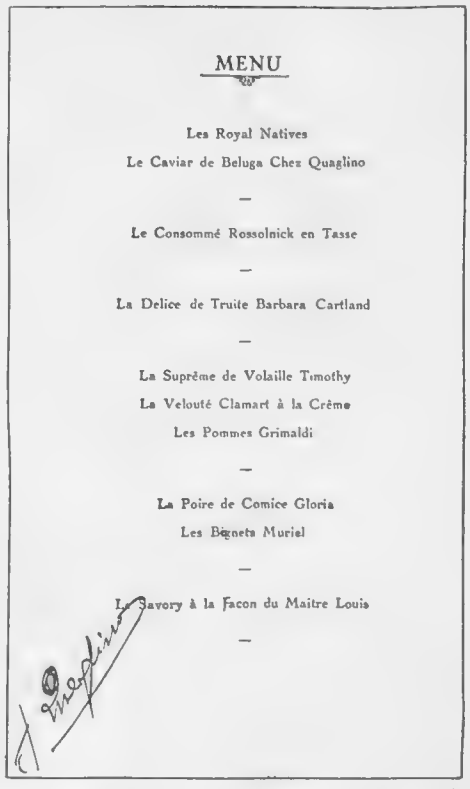
After cleaning the goose and wiping it well with a damp cloth, plunge it into a saucepan of boiling water, and boil gently for one hour. Take it from the saucepan, drain well, and wipe it very dry. Fill the body and neck with potato stuffing, truss, and sew up. Lay it in an earthenware pan, and roast in a very hot oven, allowing twenty minutes to a pound. Mix together four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of made mustard, and one tablespoonful of white pepper; pour this over the goose and baste it frequently.

To make the potato stuffing: Cook one chopped onion in a quarter of a cupful of salt pork, finely chopped, and cook until brown, then add two cupfuls of hot mashed potatoes, salt and pepper to taste, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and one cupful of cooked sausages cut in small pieces. Mix thoroughly, then stuff the goose with the mixture.

Bananes à la Patricia

Mix together ¼lb. sugar and one saltspoonful of salt; cut some bananas into halves, lengthways and crossways, and put a layer of them in an earthenware dish; sprinkle over half the sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Repeat this, adding four tablespoonfuls of water.

Bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Beat up the whites of three eggs, then gradually beat into them three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little lemon juice. Put them on top of the bananas, and colour slightly in the oven.



A guinea dinner served at Quaglino's Restaurant, Bury Street, last Wednesday, on the opening night of Gelder and his Six Bury Street Boys, whose dance music is very attractive

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Diner: "Yes, but I finished that half an hour ago!"

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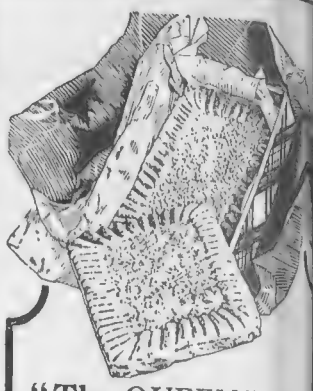

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B

C

C. The deer skin BAG here shows its smartness from the attractive tortoiseshell coloured mount in prystal.

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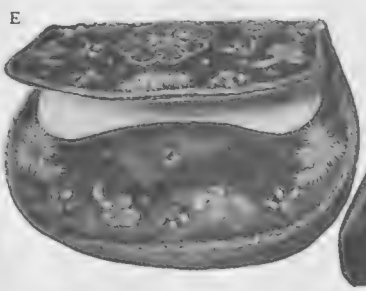
D

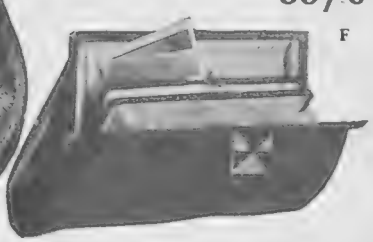
D. Paris is showing this season attractive velvet BAGS as seen here, mounted on a new frame .. **35/6**

E



E. Charming evening BAG embroidered with tinsel and beads in satin .. **35/6**

F



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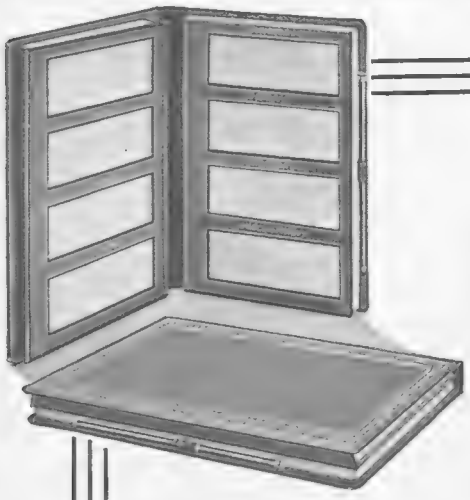

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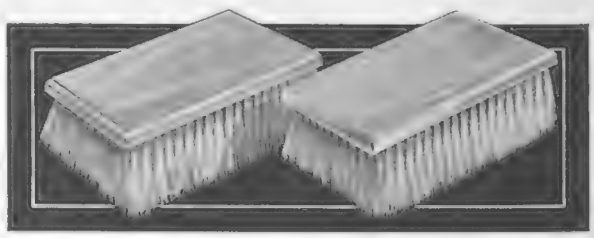

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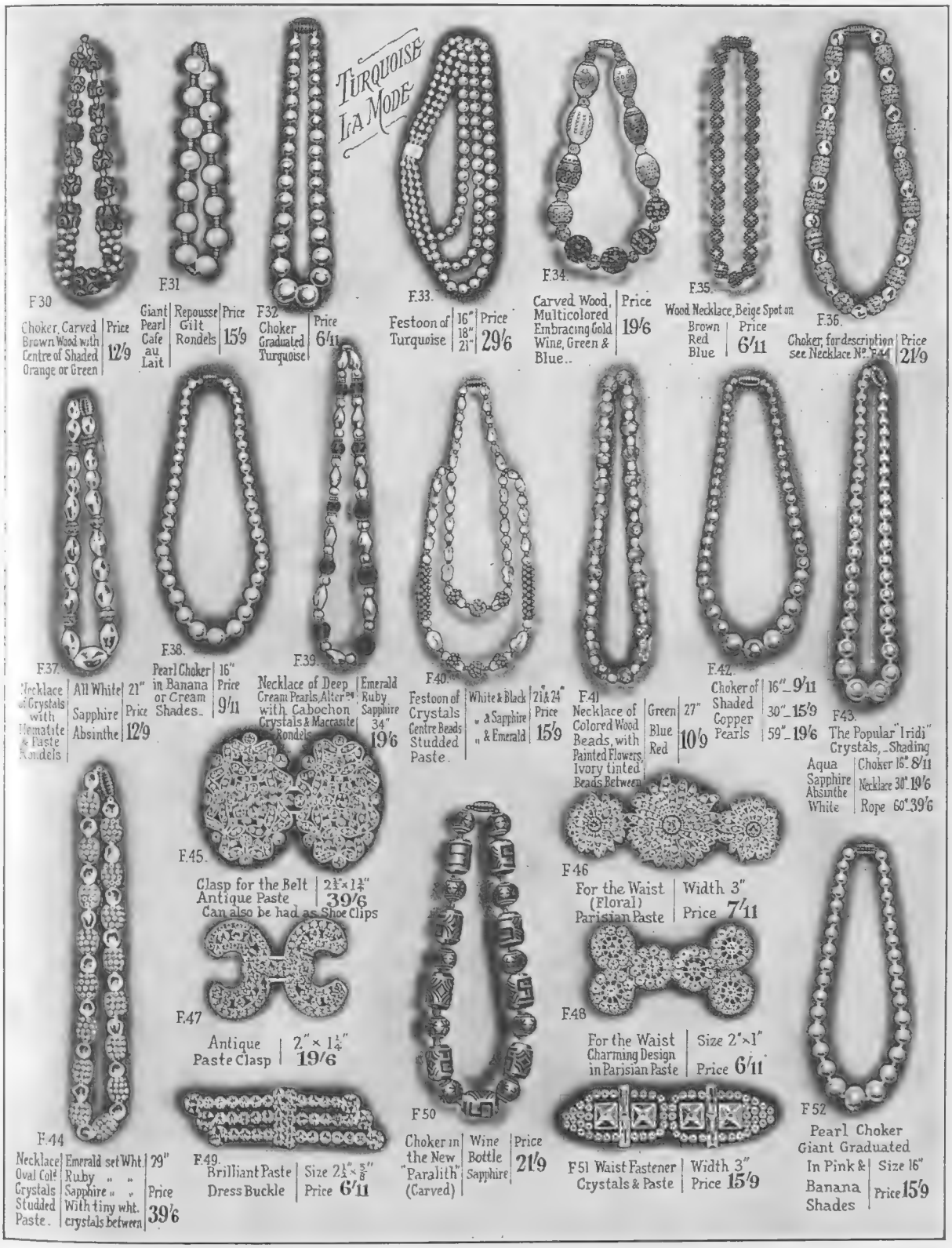

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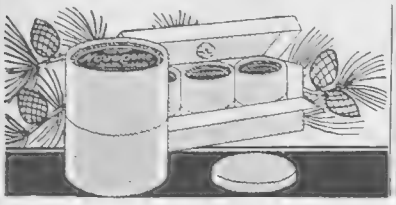

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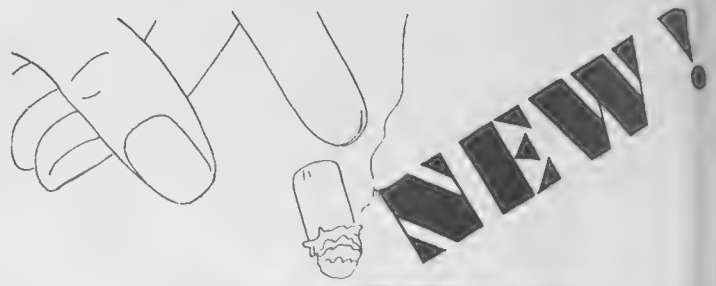

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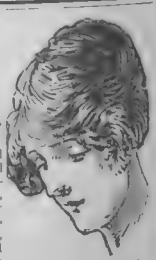

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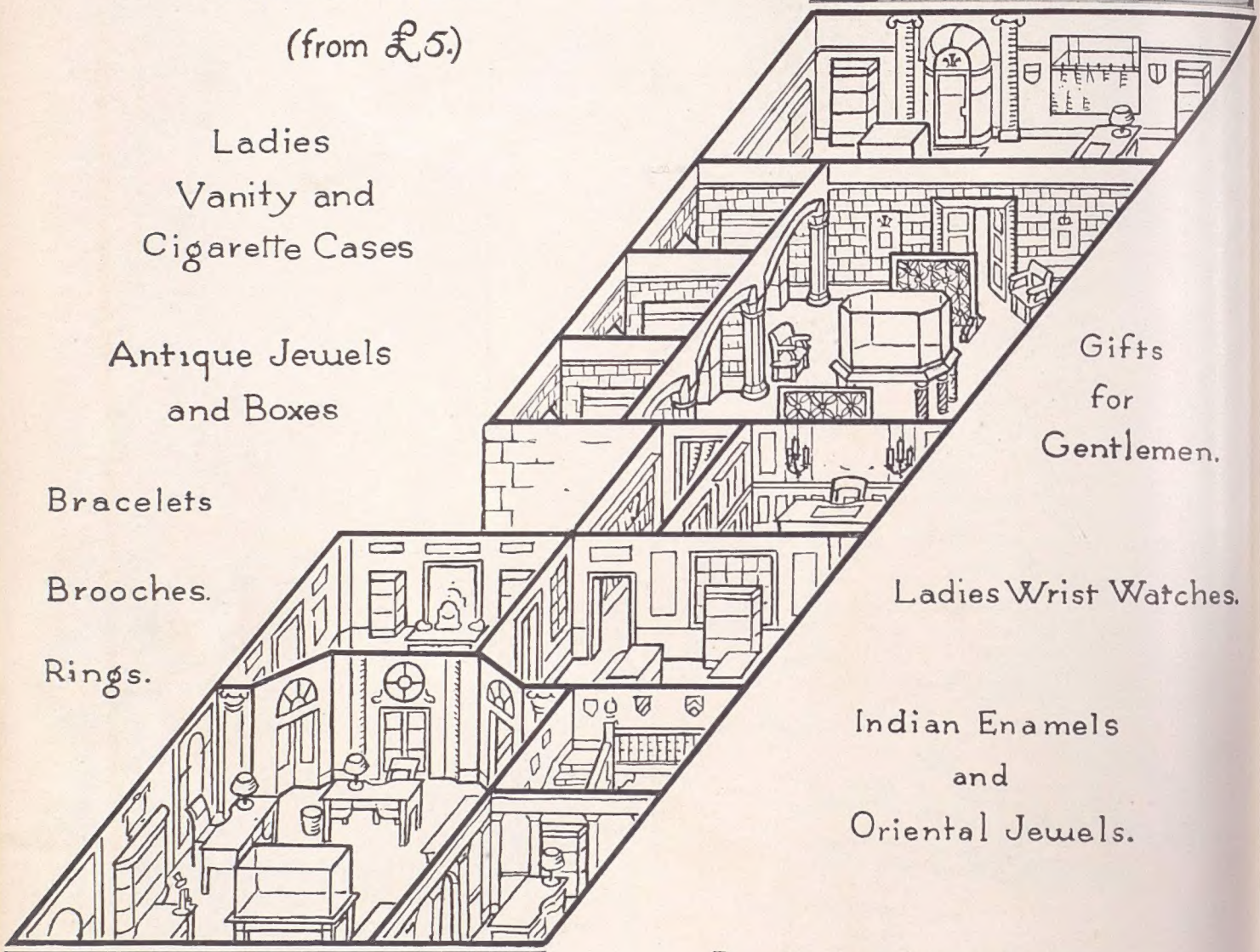

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